Gough Adds:
Hampshire
p. 22.

TOUR

OF

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE DRAWINGS TAKEN AND ENGRAVED

BY J. HASSELL.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

I wish I had been with you to see the Isle of Wight. JOHNSON.

LONDON:

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MDCCXC.

45

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

SIR,

ENCOURAGED by the honour your Royal Highness has done me in permitting your name to appear at the head of this Work, I trust my exertions to render it worthy of so exalted and illustrious a patronage, have not been totally unsuccessful. To raise to public notice a young and enterprizing Artist, was the principal motive that influenced me to undertake the Work. If the success should be such as to pave the way for his future advancement, I shall be happy; at the same time I shall ever retain a high sense

of the obligation your Royal Highness has conferred upon me, by thus honouring the Work with your patronage.

I am,

with profound respect,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most obliged, most obedient,

and very humble servant,

T. HOOKHAM.

New Bond-street,
May 1st, 1790.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

FROM a Tour of this kind, in which the beauties of Nature are the object of our ſearch, we experience a pleaſure that few other amuſements can furniſh. — The pictureſque views, which at every ſtep preſent themſelves to an obſervant eye, while they paſs unnoticed by the plodding or haſty paſſenger, afford the ſentimental one a fund of entertainment, which at once delights and improves the mind.

Almoſt every diviſion of the kingdom in which we have the happineſs to live (we term it *happineſs*, not only on account of the mildneſs of its government, but the beauty and fertility of the country), exhibit ſpots, that from the variety, richneſs, and contraſt of their parts, invite the pencil of the Artiſt.—But in none of them can theſe requiſites more abound, than in the places which are the ſubject of the following pages; the

the Isle of Wight and its vicinities being allowed to yield a rich assemblage of all those beauties that enchant the eye.

To a description of those beauties, as they must present themselves to the imagination of every one that has a taste for picturesque scenes, shall we chiefly confine ourselves; interspersing only such historical traits of the situation, productions, antiquities, curiosities, &c. as may tend to relieve the subject.

During the course of the Tour, the Author sometimes travelled alone, and sometimes in company; as will appear from his frequently using throughout the work, both the pronouns *I* and *we*.

It may be necessary to observe, that in the comparisons made with the works of the modern Artists referred to, the scenes or colouring which most forcibly struck him, were the stile, and the time of the day that each Artist courted.

And

And it might be no leſs needful to add, that as he does not profeſs to be deeply verſed in natural hiſtory and antiquity, he truſts his obſervations on the natural productions and antiquities of the Iſle of Wight, will not be too minutely criticiſed by ſuch as are more ſtudied in thoſe ſciences, ſhould he have been miſtaken in any points. To have paſſed them entirely over, would have appeared neglectful; he therefore has noticed them as they fell in his way, deſigning his remarks rather as hints for their ſpeculation, or for their amuſement, than as exact and ſcientific accounts.

The Pictureſque Beauties of ſuch particular ſcenes being conveyed by his eye to his mind, were inſtantly on the ſpot noted by his pen; and the deſcriptive remarks will, he flatters himſelf, afford pleaſure, not only to thoſe who read his work in the cloſet, but alſo to thoſe who may have an opportunity of viewing the ſame ſcenes.

J. HASSELL.

ERRATA.

Page 27, line 17, for *Harry the Eighth also laid*, read *Henry the Sixth laid.*

Page 170, line 16, for *allum*, read *allum stones.*

Page 193 line, 12, for *is in for man*, read *is in form an.*

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TOUR

OF

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

SECTION I.

HAVING left London during the laſt ſummer, in order to make our intended Tour of the Iſle of Wight, we paſſed through Hammerſmith and Hounſlow, to Egham; near which lies the famous mead wherein king John executed the charter which proved the foundation of our preſent happy conſtitution. From Egham, we proceeded through a part of Windſor Foreſt, ſo beautifully deſcribed by Pope, to Bagſhot Heath.

Adjacent to the heath, on the right hand, ſtands a villa, where we could not help remarking a caſcade, in which one of thoſe beauties ſeems to be aimed at, where *Art* can never poſſibly rival *Nature*. It conſiſts of a combined ſmall parcel of ſtones, regularly placed, over which is conducted a ſmall ſtream, that, by the time it has paſſed the firſt row of ſtones, appears like ſeveral water-pipes playing down a ſmooth paſſage, and diſguſts the picturesque eye.

Leaving Bagſhot, we traverſed the heath on the left; Blackwater &c. lying on the right. Surely, even to view this heath, is a ſufficient temptation for the many depredations that are committed on it. The length of it is ſo dreary, and the gloom which overſpreads it ſo horrid, that even the lively month of June can ſcarcely eraſe the marks of terror that inceſſantly preſent themſelves to the traveller's eye. From Egham, till you arrive within three or four miles of Farnham, a tract of near twenty miles, the country round exhibits a moſt deſolate ſcene.

Farnham

Farnham is ſcarcely ſeen till you are cloſe upon it. This town lies in a pleaſant valley, and is well watered. The ouzy ſoil, by which it is entirely ſurrounded, is appropriated to the growth of hops, and uſually ſtands the farmers in from ten to twenty-two pounds per acre. The hops produced here are acknowledged to be the beſt in England.

The biſhop of Wincheſter's palace is ſituated on a riſing ground. It was built by king Stephen, for the uſe of his brother, Henry de Blois, biſhop of Wincheſter, and continued for ſome time to belong to the royal family; but in a ſubſequent reign it was affixed to the ſee of Wincheſter, and is now the chief ſummer reſidence of the preſent biſhop. The numerous poſſeſſors of this ancient building have almoſt metamorphoſed it. The caſtle ſtill remains; and the top of it is nearly an acre of ground, converted into a fruit garden. At the bottom of the caſtle are the remains of a thick wall, which formerly ſerved as a redoubt; below that, what was then a deep ditch, is now a kitchen garden.

From the top of the caſtle are ſeen very extenſive views. Suſſex appears quite cloſe; while the utmoſt limits of Hampſhire ſcarcely bound the horizon. Berkſhire, to the north-weſt, binds its other diſtance; and the delightful ſpot belonging to Mr. Bacon, called Moore Park, affords another agreeable view.

In the laſt mentioned retired ſpot, dean Swift wrote many of his works; the proprietor of it at that time, being his moſt particular friend. That celebrated author, and his hoſt, paſſed the principal part of their leiſure hours on Crookſbury Hill, and at night, having reviewed the compoſitions of the day, committed ſuch parts as on a reviſal did not pleaſe, to the flames.

From Farnham to Alton is an agreeable and picturesque country.—A noble range of woods, the property of lord Stawell, form a variety of ſide-ſcreens for a picture. But the views, in general, though pleaſing, are very contracted.—A ſufficient quantity of water meanders through the valley from

Farnham

Farnham, which adds frequent beauties to the ſcenes. The old Roman road that led from Wincheſter, their *Vente Belgarium*, to London, is ſtill diſcernable as far as Alton.

A continued ſameneſs reigns all the way from Alton to Alresford. At the entrance of this town are ſeen the ſeats of colonels Rodney and Sheriffe. That which is built of brick, is the property of the former; the white one, of the latter. The duke of Chandos has a ſeat about five miles from Alresford, called Alvingdon; but nothing of antiquity lies near it.

About a mile from Alresford, a moſt delightful valley preſents itſelf;—well wooded and watered;—while here and there a ſtraggling cottage, burſting from a clump of trees, enlivens the rural ſcenes.

We now enter the downs of Wincheſter; —a proſpect entirely different from what we had hitherto ſeen. On the firſt aſcent, the woody parts towards Southampton ſkirt the horizon; while a turnpike in the

middle of a ſmall copſe breaks the firſt diſtance;—each hill gradually riſing over another, and terminating in a ſoft confuſion.

Wincheſter is ſituated in a valley, through which the river Itching takes its courſe, and is navigable up to the eaſt end of the town, where there is a wharf; at which the barges from Southampton and the adjacent country, unload.

We find this city to have been no inconſiderable place, ſo far back as the reign of king Athelſtone; who granted it the privilege of ſix mints for the coinage of money. It was frequently the reſidence of the Weſt Saxon kings, who held their courts here; and one of whom erected it into a biſhop's ſee, by tranſlating the biſhopric of Dorcheſter hither. It has been three times burnt down; and about the year 860 was demoliſhed by the Danes.

Cloſe by the weſt gate ſtands king Arthur's palace. Egbert, the firſt Saxon king in whom the ſovereignty of all England was

was vested, was crowned in it; and after him Alfred, and Edward the Confessor; besides several other princes of the Saxon line. The unfortunate Rufus made a point of being crowned here every Christmas; and Richard Cœur de Lion, after his arrival from the holy wars, and the long imprisonment he had undergone during his return, was a second time crowned in this castle. Henry the Fifth held his parliament here, before he embarked for France.

In the reign of Stephen, we find it again desolated. The empress Maud, during the civil wars of that period, having gained a complete victory over the forces of the king, she fixed her head quarters in this city; but the inhabitants not being well affected to her cause, with the assistance of Henry de Blois, the king's brother, at that time bishop of the diocese, they betrayed it into the hands of Stephen, and Maud narrowly escaped being made prisoner. This she effected by stratagem; causing herself to be conveyed out of the town as a corpse, through the thickest of her enemies.

During Cromwell's wars, it was ſeveral times beſieged by the parliament's forces, and at laſt was taken by ſir William Waller, one of their generals, who again demoliſhed the greateſt part of it.

In the county hall we ſee the famous round table of king Arthur. It is compoſed of a ſolid piece of wood, eighteen feet in diameter. The people of the town trace its antiquity to the time of king Arthur, twelve hundred years back, while others ſuppoſe its origin to be of a much more modern date. Tournaments were held here by Arthur's knights, before the king and his court.

Adjoining to the chapel, and on the ſpot where the caſtle once ſtood, ſir Chriſtopher Wren, by command of king Charles the Second, formed a deſign for a palace, in which that monarch intended to entertain his whole court, and to amuſe them with various kinds of divertizements. And though this plan was only in part carried into execution, the building is magnificent and

and ſpacious, the ſouth ſide being two hundred and ſixteen feet long, the weſt three hundred and twenty-eight feet; and notwithſtanding it is but a ſhell, it coſt upwards of twenty-five thouſand pounds. The grand duke of Tuſcany preſented Charles with ſeveral marble pillars of exquiſite workmanſhip, which were to have ſupported the roof of the grand ſtair-caſe. Theſe were afterwards given by George the Firſt to the duke of Bolton. A handſome balluſtrade runs quite round the top, and the inſide of the court is adorned with porticos. Had the whole of the plan been executed, it would have been a palace worthy of the gay and expenſive monarch who cauſed it to be erected; but his death happening before it was completed, the further proſecution of it was laid aſide; and the only uſe it has been put to ſince, is being made a place of confinement for the French and Spaniſh priſoners taken during our late wars.

In a meadow adjacent to the town, called Danemarck Mead, the famous Guy earl of Warwick is ſaid to have encountered and vanquiſhed Colbrand, the Daniſh giant.

The

The preſent cathedral, which is a grand and venerable ſtructure, was founded about the year 1070, by biſhop Walkelyn, a Norman, under the patronage of William the Conqueror, and dedicated to St. Swithin. After this, William of Wykeham improved it; but biſhop Fox is ſaid to have brought it to its preſent ſtate.

After nine hundred years endowment, it was ſeized, with the reſt of the church lands, by Henry the Eighth, and the plate, ornaments, and images, converted to his uſe, and depoſited in his treaſury. Having given this proof of his love for the church, he re-eſtabliſhed it on its preſent foundation, and as ſome recompence for his depredations, granted permiſſion to dedicate it to the Holy Trinity. Since that period, it is frequently called Trinity Church. The clerical eſtabliſhment conſiſts of one dean, twelve prebendaries, ſix minor canons, ten lay-clerks, and eight choriſters, beſides ſeveral other members.

The length of the cathedral from eaſt to weſt

weſt is 545 feet, including the chapel, which is 54 feet. The choir is 136 feet long. From the iron door to the porch at the weſt end is 351 feet; the tranſceps 186; the part below them 87 feet; and the choir 40. The tower is 138 feet high, its width 50 feet by 48, and it is about 25 feet and an half above the roof.

The building is of Gothic architecture, and truly ſublime in its appearance. It is generally allowed to be nearly equal to that of the abbey church at St. Alban's. In two receſſes, as you approach the choir, are the ſtatues of James and Charles, the Firſt. They are both of copper, but were horridly defaced during the civil wars which took place in the reign of the latter.

In the pannels under the organ are ſome memorials relative to Henry the Eighth's foundation, dated 1540;—the arms of the firſt dean, William Kingſmill;—the garter and mitre of the biſhops of Wincheſter;—with the letter S, and another initial letter, the greateſt part of which is obliterated.

Under

Under a plain monument, without any inſcription, lies William Rufus; the manner of whoſe death is too well known to need repeating here. During the civil wars in the reign of Charles the Firſt, the rebels paid this ſon of the Conqueror a viſit, and as a proof of their diſlike to monarchy, ſtripped his remains of a robe of gold cloth, a ring ſet with rubies, and a few other matters that were interred with him.

This cathedral, I believe, has to boaſt the remains of as many kings as any other in England; for we find that the chief part, both of the Saxon and the Norman line, reſt under its roof. Biſhop Fox ſpared no pains to collect the bones of theſe kings, and of every other perſon of diſtinction, and carefully depoſited them in ſix gilded coffins, or cheſts, ſuperbly carved, which he cauſed to be placed on a wall on the ſouth ſide of the choir. Theſe cheſts bore the date of 1525.

Statues of ſolid ſilver formerly ſtood in niches, where now ſtand mouldering urns.

They

They were the gift of biſhop Harris, who likewiſe preſented the church with the marble pavement that leads to the high altar. The ſtained glaſs is alſo his gift; with two pinnacles, and ſome other ornamental architecture with which he fronted the outſide boundary of the choir, in the midſt of which ſtands his own ſtatue epiſcopally habited.

Cromwell's army, ever intent on plunder, and ever ready to teſtify their hatred to the church, entered this cathedral on the 16th of December 1642, and committed the moſt horrid outrages. Among other acts of wanton ſacrilege, they deſtroyed the beautiful carved work in the choir, broke the organ to pieces, ſeized on all the valuables, overturned the communion table, and burnt the rails that encompaſſed it. Nor did their rapacious hands ſtop here; but getting at the cheſts of bones which biſhop Fox had collected, they threw them againſt the windows of ſtained glaſs, jocularly obſerving as they did it, that it was the reſurrection of the dry bones. And to theſe ravages was

Waller

Waller a witneſs, without endeavouring to put a ſtop to them. They likewiſe defaced many beautiful pieces of antiquity, and taking away the croſſes, popiſh books, and pictures, made a ſham proceſſion with them; after which they committed them to the flames.

The weſt window, with a few others, fortunately eſcaped their depredations; as likewiſe did the magnificent tomb of William of Wykeham, which was happily prevented from ſharing the ſame fate by the reſolution and perſeverance of, one Cuff, an officer in Waller's army, who had formerly been a ſtudent of the college.

Over the communion-table is a picture painted by Mr. Weſt. The gentlemen who fixed it up, finding it larger than the place appropriated for it, cut off two of the principal figures in the fore ground, which has conſiderably defaced the piece. The ſubject of it is the raiſing of Lazarus;—a moſt charming picture;—the colouring not inferior to Titian's;—the drawings wonderfully

fully correct;—the hand of death ſeems indeed to have laid faſt hold on Lazarus; while the ſpirit and animation of the other figures add double force to the part with which they are contraſted.

In the chapel of the Virgin Mary, ſtands the monument of the earl of Portland, who was lord high treaſurer in the reign of Charles the Firſt. His effigy is at full length, raiſed on three pillars, and accoutred in copper armour.

There is another chapel on the ſouth, called Silkeſtede. It is doubtful whether this perſon is the founder of the chapel; but certain it is that he altered ſome parts of it, from an inſcription of T S near the library window.

At the eaſt end of the ſouth wall are depoſited the remains of biſhop Fox. His monument is a capital ſpecimen of Gothic architecture.—There is no inſcription on it. —A ſkeleton is the only emblem affixed to the tomb.

Here

Here alſo reſts cardinal Beaufort, who was a liberal benefactor to the cathedral. The emblematical figure reclining on his tomb, is arrayed in a cardinal's habit. The mutilated effigy attending, is ſuppoſed to be St. Swithin; it was partly of braſs; but, as in many other inſtances, ſo little reſpect did Cromwell's ſoldiers pay either to ſaint or apoſtle, that you barely trace any remains of what appears to have been once a beautiful figure.

The following curious inſcription is on a monument the ſouth ſide of the choir. The perſon who promiſes ſo acceptable a reward to every good catholic praying for his ſoul, was prior of the convent. It runs thus—

Hic jacit GULIELMUS DE BASING, quondam prior iſtius ecclesiæ, cujus animæ propitietur Deus; et qui pro anima ejus oraverit, tres annos et quinquaginta dies indulgentia precipit.

In Engliſh thus;

Here lies William of Baſing, formerly prior of this church, to whoſe ſoul may God be propitious; and he who ſhall pray for him, ſhall obtain an indulgence of three years and fifty days.

Many

Many other curious tombs and monuments are to be ſeen in this cathedral, but the foregoing will ſerve as a ſufficient ſpecimen.

On the ſouth ſide of the cathedral ſtands Wincheſter college, founded by William of Wykeham, who was liberal in his benefactions to it, as well as to New College, Oxford. The foundation was laid by him on the 26th day of March 1387. It originally conſiſted of a warden and ſeventy ſcholars, ten prieſts, three chaplains, three clerks, and ſixteen choriſters, with one ſchool-maſter, and an uſher.

In this college is an emblematical painting, repreſenting a truſty ſervant. The device conſiſts of the figure of an aſs, with human hands, and ſtag's feet;—a padlock faſtened to his ſnout;—a ſhield hanging on his arm, with a ſword by his ſide; and he bears in his left hand implements of induſtry. This emblematical figure is intended to denote patience, ſwiftneſs, courage, ſecrecy, and labour; the needful cha-

 racteriſtics

racteriſtics of a good ſervant. Taken altogether, it is at beſt but a whimſical jumble of the artiſt.

A room, weſt of the cloiſters, in the college, contains the rules and orders of every claſs belonging to it. They are inſcribed on the walls.

In the high ſtreet of Wincheſter is the market croſs, forty three feet in height. Some will have it that this edifice was erected at a very early period, in commemoration of the introduction of chriſtianity: while others ſuppoſe it to have been founded ſo late as the reign of Henry the Sixth. At all events it remains a perfect mark of the ſuperſtition of the times.

It is a moſt elegant pile of Gothic building. In one of the niches ſtands the figure of St. John in the act of preaching; but ſo wretchedly has it been bedaubed by the painter, that the chief beauties of the ſculpture is hidden. The wiſe men of Wincheſter, ſome years back, had determined

ned to pull this noble ſtructure down; and had not ſome ſpirited gentlemen of the county ſtrongly oppoſed the deſign, it would have undergone a Cromwellian operation. It thus eſcaped their unhallowed hands;—but ſo terribly disfigured is it by their beautifying, (as they term it) that, except the general appearance of the architecture, little elſe is to be ſeen worth notice, all the inſcriptions being obliterated.

The hoſpital and church of Saint Croſs, are well worthy the traveller's notice. They are in the Saxon ſtile, and were built during the reign of king Stephen. By the inſtitution of the founder, every traveller who knocks at the door of this hoſpital in his way, may claim a manchet of white bread and a cup of beer; a good quantity of which is daily ſet apart to be given away.

Time hurrying us, and a gloomy evening impelling us to haſten our journey, we took our leave of Wincheſter without making any further obſervations. A violent ſtorm of rain, thunder and lightning, however,

overtaking us, ſoon after we had left the city, and obliging us to ſeek for ſhelter, we once more returned to it; and having again perambulated the town, we left it the next morning without regret. For a place of ſuch conſequence, we were not a little ſurprized at its mean appearance; the ſtreets are narrow and inconvenient, and the houſes in general low and inelegant. The water of Alresford paſſes through the heart of the city, and joins its ſtream to Itching river.

Though there is neither much trade, nor any manufactory worthy of notice carried on at Wincheſter, the pleaſantneſs of its ſituation, from the extenſive plains and downs by which it is ſurrounded, makes its environs the reſidence of many perſons of fortune and reſpectability.

Scarcely any thing new is ſeen till you reach Hurſley, a beautiful little village, five miles beyond Wincheſter. On the right hand of it ſtands the ſeat of ſir William Heathcote, ſurrounded by the moſt luxuriant verdure that Hampſhire can boaſt. The venerable

venerable oak and ſtately pine, vying with each other in grandeur, entirely overſhadow the village.—This range of woods takes a long ſweep from Romſey towards Botley.

About a mile beyond Hurſley we entered Southampton Common, and for the firſt time had a view of the ſea. Unfortunately for us, the weather was hazy, and we had but an indifferent proſpect either of that, or of the ſurrounding country.

On the moſt elevated part of the farther ſide of the common, is the ſummer houſe of Mr. Fleming;—an elegant little building, commanding an extenſive view of the adjacent hills, and likewiſe of the Iſle of Wight, which from this deſirable ſpot, in a clear day, has every beauty that a pleaſing combination of wood and water can give it. Several gentlemens' ſeats ſkirt the road ſide, ſo that it appears one continued ſcene of lively vegetation.

SECTION II.

WE had now reached Hampton, or, as it is at preſent called, Southampton, which lies twelve miles from Wincheſter, and about twenty-ſix from Portſmouth; its ſituation being high, and the ſea coming up to the quay, renders it a delightful ſummer reſidence.

We can trace back the origin of this town to the year 47, when it was invaded by the Romans; who were frequently defeated and driven back by the Britons reſident in and about the ſouthernmoſt coaſt of England. This people, however, afterwards eſtabliſhed a colony here, or rather at the old town, which ſtood more to the eaſtward, to which they gave the name of Clauſentum.

In the year 512, Cerdic, king of the Weſt Saxons, made a ſucceſsful attempt upon Hantun, as it was then called. Here he defeated the Britiſh king Aurelius Ambroſius, who having gained a very conſiderable

derable victory over Hengiſt, was ſo elated by his ſucceſs, that laying aſide the prudence for which he had hitherto been famed, he ſuffered himſelf to be out-generaled and vanquiſhed by Cerdic. The famous king Arthur was likewiſe ſlain by this Saxon about twenty years after.

It was here that Canute the Great reproved his courtiers for their flattery, when they aſſured him that even the waves of the ſea would obey him.

About the year 1020, this town was entirely demoliſhed by the Danes; who, wherever they came, diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their rapacious and barbarous deeds. The moſt unheard-of cruelties were uſually committed by them whenever they happened to be victorious.

While the victorious Edward the Third was in France, aſſerting his right to the throne of that kingdom, the ſon of the king of Sicily was diſpatched, on their part, to make depredations on the coaſt

of England. This commiſſion proved fatal to Southampton; for the French landing there, reduced it to aſhes. They were however ſoon after repulſed by the Engliſh, who, collecting together an army from the troops in the Weſtern parts, marched againſt the invaders, and having entirely defeated them, obliged them to reimbark with the loſs of their commander.

Here it was that king Henry the Fifth embarked when he ſet out upon his expedition againſt that kingdom. Previous to his ſailing, the French having remitted a large ſum of money to Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, the favourites of the king, they entered into a conſpiracy againſt him; but their treacherous deſigns were happily put a ſtop to by the earl of March. That nobleman, who had been inadvertently drawn into the plot, foreſeeing the fatal conſequences it muſt be productive of to his royal maſter, to whom he was bound not only by the ties of allegiance, but of gratitude, divulged the ſecret, and thereby fruſtrated their plans. The earl of Cambridge

and

and Sir Thomas Gray were beheaded; while lord Scroop, rendered doubly blameable by his ingratitude, the king having conferred upon him great honours, and repofed in his bofom his choiceft fecrets, was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The merchants of the port of Southampton were, during fome centuries, the greateft importers of wine in the kingdom, excepting thofe of London. The privileges relative to this article of commerce, granted them in their charter by king Henry the Second, and afterwards confirmed and renewed by king John, were fo extenfive and confiderable, that the merchants of Briftol, and thofe of the other ports on the weft and fouth coafts of England, were obliged to land their wines here, and after having paid the duties, then to re-fhip, and carry them to their own ports.

The difpofal of a part of thefe privileges, fome years ago, to the city of Briftol, has fixed an indelible ftigma on the corporation. Nor are the corporation of the prefent day undeferving

undeſerving of cenſure, for ſuffering the river near the quay to remain in its preſent ſtate. The mud is ſo deep, at and near the landing place, that at low water a boat can neither take you off, nor bring you aſhore; to the very great inconvenience in particular of the paſſengers going to or coming from, the Iſle of Wight. It is no uncommon thing to ſee a great number of paſſengers in the Cowes packet, which had happened to loſe the tide, wait ſome hours on board for the return of it; many of whom when it has rained, from the ſmallneſs of the cabin, and the conſequent want of ſhelter, have been thoroughly wet. And even the ſteps leading to the landing place are in a wretched condition. The ſmall quay is, if poſſible, many degrees worſe than the other; ſo that a boat, even at high water, is there diſagreeably circumſtanced.

Southampton was once walled round; and many parts of the walls are ſtill ſtanding. They are compoſed of very large ſtones, full of ſmall white ſhells, and have many lunettes and towers. In ſome places it is

ſurrounded

ſurrounded with a double ditch. There were formerly four gates to it; but only three of them are now ſtanding. The firſt is at the entrance of the town, and is generally termed Bar Gate; the ſecond was called the Eaſt Gate, but of this not a veſtige now remains; the third is South Gate, which is made a place of confinement for debtors; and the fourth is Water Gate, at the bottom of which is the contemptible little quay before ſpoken of.

Oliver Cromwell's ruffians were likewiſe buſied here upon ſome excellent carved work and ſtained glaſs, belonging to Bugle Hall in this town, which was deſtroyed by theſe lawleſs depredators.

Harry the Eighth alſo laid his ſacred hands on the manufactory of allum foil carried on here, in which the merchants had property to the amount of near ten thouſand pounds; but in order to counterbalance his depredations by ſome favor, as his uſual cuſtom was, he permitted them for a certain time to land goods free of duty. He failed

failed not, however, to ſeize on the valuable trade for tin, that was alſo carried on here.

Charles the Firſt confirmed the charter that had been granted by Henry the Second, and inſtituted a corporation; which conſiſts of a mayor, a recorder, a ſheriff, and two bailiffs: all thoſe who have ſerved any of the foregoing offices, conſtitute the common council; and they who have paſſed the chair, are aldermen. An unlimited number of burgeſſes may likewiſe be elected at the will of the mayor and council.

The ſalubrious air of Southampton is a ſufficient inducement for the great reſort of valetudinarians, and others, there is to it. Nor are the general accommodations leſs reſpectable than the town is inviting. Several country ſeats round it render the walks at once agreeable and pleaſant. But after having trod every rural walk and pleaſant path that Southampton has to boaſt, Netley Abbey, of which two views are annexed, will be found to enjoy the preeminence.

Having

—Having paſſed Itching ferry in our way to the abbey, we croſs the grounds of N. Dance, Eſq. R. A. at Woolſon, whoſe ſeat commands at every curve, a freſh view of the beauties of Hampton river; an extenſive thicket catches the roving eye. On the foot road to the abbey, the diſtance is likewiſe pleaſantly diverſified.

In a ſmall dell, by the ſide of a wood, ſtands this antique building;—and near it is the fort, which fronts the river.—A pleaſure known only to the contemplative mind, imperceptibly ſteals into the breaſt, on taking a view of ſo romantic and retired a place as Netley Abbey. To a heart not inſenſible to the calm enjoyments of ſuch a retreat, the awfulneſs of the venerable pile, down whoſe ſide the lurking ivy ſportively plays, together with the grandeur of the architecture, afford a ſatisfaction, that the moſt pleaſurable ſcenes of the gay circle cannot excite.—A thouſand agreeable ideas ruſh into the mind, and we are loſt in wonder and contemplation. By ſuch a ſcene as this, the youthful imagination is expand-

ed

ed, and the genius directed to ſome uſeful purſuit.—It ſometimes leads to the ſtudy of hiſtory;—ſometimes its ſoftneſs and harmony aid the powers of muſic;—and it needs not be added, that it furniſhes the artiſt with a delightful ſubject for his pencil.

Time has juſt brought this venerable pile, as a piece of ruins, to its higheſt perfection. A ſmall but pleaſing group of trees encircle it;—while a bed of overgrown nettles, riſing ſtately at every avenue, form an agreeable relief to its mouldering ſides.

It is the property of Mr. Dance; and much to that gentleman's credit, he endeavours to preſerve this piece of antiquity from demolition. A married ſervant of his reſides about a quarter of a mile from the ſpot, where refreſhments may be procured. Frequent aquatic excurſions are made from Hampton to drink tea in the abbey, and every accommodation for that purpoſe is furniſhed by the civil and induſtrious pair who are appointed to take care of it.

Various

Various are the opinions relative to the founder of this abbey; ſome attributing it to Peter de Rupibus; others to Henry III. But it is generally believed that Henry built it. Certain it is that about the year 1239, he inſtituted near this ſpot a convent of monks, of the Ciſtercian order, which he removed from the vicinity of Beaulieu. Other endowments were beſtowed upon it by John de Warenna, earl of Surry, in the year 1242. At the diſſolution, it had an abbot and twelve monks, whoſe revenues were valued at 100l. 12s. 8d. a year.

Such a place as this, that has been devoted to the purpoſes of ſuperſtition, ſeldom fails to give birth to ſuperſtitious ſtories. Among thoſe told us, we ſhall inſert the two following; and as they are ſomewhat ſingular, and may furniſh a ſubject of laughter to the incredulous, hope we ſhall ſtand excuſed for the inſertion.

Sir Bartlet Lucy, who was then the poſſeſſor of the abbey, ſold it to a taylor of Southampton; who bought it with a view of

of making a profit of the materials. The taylor, or, as his deſcendants, who are at this time reſident in that place, ſay, his wife, was informed in a dream, ſeveral nights ſucceſſively, that the moment he attempted to diſlodge a ſingle ſtone, the whole fabric would fall upon him. And ſo, as the account goes, it really happened. For diſdaining to profit by any advice that came in ſo queſtionable a ſhape, he began to pull it down; when, marvellous to relate, no ſooner had he begun his unhallowed delapidations, than the large window and part of the ceiling fell on his head and fractured his ſcull. We are further informed, that before he made his exit, he acknowledged to thoſe around him that he had been warned by ſeveral apparitions, of the fatal conſequences that would attend the ſacrilegious deed; and fell a ſacrifice to his incredulity.

Nor is a circumſtance of a more recent date, which the perſon who ſhows the abbey relates, leſs believed in the neighbourhood. A labouring man had for ſeveral nights dreamt that a cheſt of money lay buried

buried in the ruins. And fixing upon a ſpot near the entrance, began there to dig; from whence, agreeable to the tenor of his dream, he dug a cheſt of ancient coins, of a conſiderable value. The maſter of the man hearing of the affair, inſiſted upon their being delivered up to him; and the unfortunate dreamer, in order to avoid a lawſuit with which he was threatened, found himſelf obliged to refund the prognoſticated boon. The keeper ſtill ſhows you a heap of ſtones, which are ſaid to have incloſed the cheſt; and an old man, upwards of eighty years of age, corroborated the truth of the ſtory, by vouching to us, that he had himſelf ſeen the cheſt, and that the metal contained in it was really gold.

The entrance of the abbey, or what is termed the fountain court, is a ſquare, encircled with lofty walls. The kitchen is ſuppoſed to have led to ſome ſubterraneous paſſage.—On the right hand, at the further corner, is the grand hall leading to the chapel, whoſe venerable ſides ſtill boaſt a flight of ſteps which range round part of the

building. The area at the bottom of the chapel is in a very rugged ſtate, it being overgrown with nettles, which cover the fallen fragments of the roof, and not only incommode the paſſenger, but are far from being pleaſing to the eye.

The grandeur and elegance of the internal appearance of the abbey, is ſuperior to any of the outſide views. The chapel, built in the ſhape of a croſs, with ſeveral receſſes communicating with the abbey,—and continued groups of lofty trees,—delightfully harmonize and variegate the inſide. Grand and ſtriking as the appearance of theſe ancient ruins are, they have undoubtedly received additional beauties from the elegant pen of Mr. Keate. Every part of it is ſo truly, juſtly, and picturesquely pourtrayed by him, that his Netley Abbey even vies with the original. How finely is the preſent delapidated ſtate of it deſcribed by him in the following ſtanzas:

I hail

I hail at laſt theſe ſhades, this well-known wood,
That ſkirts with verdant ſlope the barren ſtrand,
Where Netley's ruins, bordering on the flood,
Forlorn in melancholy greatneſs ſtand.

How chang'd alas! from that rever'd abode
Grac'd by proud majeſty in ancient days,
When monks recluſe theſe ſacred pavements trod,
And taught th' unletter'd world its Maker's praiſe.

Now ſunk, deſerted, and with weeds o'ergrown,
Yon proſtrate walls their harder fate bewail;
Low on the ground their topmoſt ſpires are thrown,
Once friendly marks to guide the wand'ring ſail.

The ivy now, with rude luxuriance bends
Its 'tangled foliage through the cloiſter'd ſpace,
O'er the green window's mould'ring height aſcends,
And fondly claſps it with a laſt embrace.

Yon parted roof that nods aloft in air,
The threat'ning battlement, the rifted tow'r,
The choir's looſe fragments ſcatter'd round, declare,
Inſulting TIME, the triumphs of thy pow'r!

On the banks of the river ſtand the ruins of a caſtle that ſerved as a front to the abbey. It commands a very extenſive part of the river; but nothing now remains, except the walls, to remind us of the ſtrength it once poſſeſſed.

The ride to this ſweet ſpot is nearly ten miles, through a lovely ſcene of wood and water. By the foot way it is three miles and an half from Southampton, acroſs the river Itching, where a ferry-boat conſtantly plies. The walk to it is beautiful; nor is your return from it leſs ſo. The town of Hampton, and its ſpire, has a pleaſing effect;—the New Foreſt is in the diſtance; but the view, in general, is too ſtraggling and extenſive; the objects are not ſufficiently combined for a picture, though pleaſing to the eye.

Our next excurſion was to the priory of St. Denis, formerly the reſidence of a brotherhood of black canons. It is ſituated on the flowery banks of the river Itching, about three miles from its entrance, and exhibits a pile of antique ruins that are haſtening to decay. Scarcely any part of the chapel is ſtanding; and if the remains of the houſe are not ſhortly ſecured from the depredations of its inhabitants, and from the inceſſant ravages of a great number of hogs, both that and the chapel will ſoon ſhare the fate of many an ancient fabric, and leave no trace of its exiſtence.

We

We have ſcarcely any authentic intelligence from which to aſcertain the founder of this priory. The leaſe of the venerable pile is granted to the preſent poſſeſſor by general Stibbert, to whom we recommend the preſervation of its relics from entire obliteration, that it may ſtill remain as an hiſtorical record of ancient times, and contribute to the pleaſure of every curious traveller who viſits Southampton.

It ſtands near four miles from that town, and was viewed by us on one of thoſe clear evenings, when the declining ſun juſt catching on the higheſt ſummit of the building, gave an agreeable relief to the fore ground, which, of courſe, lay in the ſhadow; while his dazzling rays overtopped the neighbouring river, and added every luſtre to the oppoſite woody craggs, overhanging the ſandy ſhore, that the moſt picturesque eye could wiſh or deſire.

In the road to this ſmall but pleaſant ſpot, is the ſeat of general Stibbert. It is an elegant building, and commands very ex-

tenſive views of the oppoſite ſhore;—the New Foreſt;—Southampton River;—Calſhot Caſtle;—and the Iſle of Wight. Several boxes belonging to other gentlemen ſkirt the road, but none of them ſo pleaſant as this plain and neat ſpot.

The ſeat of Mr. Sloane lies about two miles beyond general Stibbert's, in the middle of a little valley, that alſo commands the navigation of the river Itching. From this road you may proceed the carriage way to Netley Abbey, and to govenor Hornby's houſe.

On our left hand at the top of the hill, near the three mile ſtone, on the road to London, is the ſummer houſe of Mr Fleming, the member for Southampton.—We noticed this ſpot on paſſing Southampton Common; but the ſullen clouds lowering upon us at that time, we could only make tranſient remarks on it;—but now viewed with a more compoſed eye, a charming ſcene diſplays itſelf;—a luxuriant hanging wood, forming the park, exhibits every feature

feature of variegation that ſuch a ſcene can poſſibly produce; over which a gentle deſcent terminates into a ſoft ſurface of a ſummer ſea;—while many a proud veſſel, impatient for the wafting gale, diſplays the livelieſt reflections of the ſhivering ſail in the tranſparent ocean.

Far beyond theſe luxurious ſcenes, a kindlier ſhore blends ſoftly in, and preſents its ſpreading oaks, joined with the prouder foreſt plants.

We ſcarcely ever remember to have ſeen ſo well choſen a ſpot, from the choice of any gentleman, as this of Mr. Fleming's ſummer houſe. We ſometimes obſerve that perſons of fortune, in chuſing a ſpot for erecting a ſeat, fix on ſome obſcure place, where toilſome labour endeavours, but in vain, to rival the vivid blooms that fair impatient Nature rears. A recluſe ſeat appears *ſans* beauty, that the riſing hill demands; and at beſt never diſplays more than grovelling huſbandry.—How ſuperior ſuch commanding proſpects as that under conſideration! and how mean

and contemptible, when compared with it, are the nicely trimmed yews that adorn the ſeat of the citizen!

The ſummer rides about Southampton are ſuch as few places can boaſt.—An inconvenience attends the tide's retiring ſo far, as you ride along the river's ſide; nevertheleſs the ſoft breezes that fan you while you traverſe its ſhore, in ſome meaſure compenſate for this.

Southampton having been fixed on as the centre of our tour, our excurſions from it will be inſerted as they take place, and the town and its environs deſcribed occaſionally, ſo as to give a variety to our deſcriptions.

As one part of our plan was to viſit parts of the New Foreſt, we began our route from Southampton to Lymington, the neareſt boundary of it towards the Iſle of Wight. The firſt village we paſſed after leaving the townw as Millbrook, which lies within about two miles from it;—a pleaſant

little

little ſpot, but we found nothing in it to engage the attention. From thence we croſſed Redbridge, and through Totten, reached the foreſt

Its entrance is not ſo ſtriking here, as it is in many other parts.—When you gain the firſt ſummit, a woody promontory ſkirts the road on the right;—on the left, for three miles, a more open ſpace attracts the eye, terminated—as moſt of the diſtances in this part are—by a group of venerable oaks or lofty elms.

In the midſt of a plantation of oaks, reſides one of the keepers of the foreſt. His lodge, which is generally called by the country people Ironſhill, ſtands about a mile from the road, in one of thoſe grand receſſes where Nature ſtrews her favours with unbounded liberality.

When we view a pleaſing ſcene, that, in ſuch a country as Hampſhire, where every view is a picture, muſt frequently burſt upon the ſight, we at once feel its full force; but

but to what a pitch is the imagination carried, when we behold Nature ſlyly ſporting in ſome retired corner, where, as if fearful of being ſeen, ſhe rears a ponderous grove to overhang ſome murmuring rivulet, to whoſe chryſtal ſtream (ſweet ſacred haunt!) the timorous fawns or ſturdy heifers retire to ſhun the ſcorching rays of Phœbus. While ſome ſtand cheſt high in the rapid current to avoid their annoying enemy the fly, others recline on the moſſy bank, and catch the paſſing breeze. But if perchance the ruder breath of Zephyr ruſtles through the leaves on the ſurrounding boughs, away fly the fearful fawns, and, bounding over the flowery lawn, ſeek a ſecurer retreat.

From this romantic ſcene we turned our horſes to the left, and ſtruck into the road to Lindhurſt, through a continued ſhade of overhanging wood. The evening being clear, we were tempted to turn out of the way to know from what cauſe a ſtrange noiſe, which ſeemed to iſſue from the brow of an adjacent hill, originated. Upon reaching

ing the ſpot, we found it to be one of the foreſters brouſing the deer; and we were not a little pleaſed at ſeeing ſome hundreds of theſe wild inhabitants of the foreſt bounding towards him, whenever they heard his well-known voice, and following him to the freſheſt paſture, or to ſhare in the fodder which he cut from the tender branches of the trees. Should any of the herd have ſtrayed, he calls the wanderer back in a note not unlike the war-hoop of the Indian tribes.

The farmers who live in the vicinity of this part of the foreſt ,are often ſubject to the depredations of theſe animals. No ſooner do they ſcent the full-eared corn, than they make their way, if poſſible, to it;—no fence proves a ſufficient reſtraint;—the nightly watch is placed in vain;—and ſcarce a ſtalk eſcapes their ravages.

The ſoil in this quarter conſiſts of a cold watery clay, which ſo imbibes the moiſture, that the crops of corn, and even of hay, except in dry ſummers, but poorly repay the farmer's

farmer's toil. The oak alone is its boaſt; which proudly ſpreads its nervous branches, and grows for the defence of Britain.

Lindhurſt, which is ten miles from Southampton, is ſituated in the heart of the foreſt. It is a pleaſant agreeable village, and ſtands on the declivity of a hill. It once could boaſt of having a monarch for an inhabitant; at preſent the houſe which was the royal reſidence, is that of the duke of Glouceſter, who is lord chief warden, and ranger of the foreſt. It is a plain old faſhioned brick manſion, with little or no ground adjoining to it. The greateſt convenience attending it is the ſtables, which are roomy and commodious. They ſtand oppoſite to the houſe, which is without any court before it, or lodge, conſequently expoſed to the duſt of the road; and has rather the appearance of being the reſidence of a gentleman farmer, than the ſummer retreat of one of the princes of the blood.

But if its conveniences are few, its advantages of another nature are great.—

Standing

Standing on an eminence, it commands a complete prospect of Southampton River, and of the sea.—The view extends likewise into the county of Sussex.—Stony Cross on the left, and, over the forest, to the woody screens of sir William Heathcote, with the soft distances of the remotest parts of Hampshire.

In the village of Lindhurst constant preparations are made for the accommodation of gentlemen who come to hunt in the forest. Nor can any place be better suited to the sport, there being but few farms, to what there are in the counties of Hertford, Bedford, and some others. Neither do the sportsmen run such risque of their necks as in most other hunting counties, as there are not many fences or ditches to obstruct their course, and consequently few dangerous leaps to be taken.

We read in the annals of England, that the tract of country now denominated the New Forest, and which is at least fifty miles in circumference, originally abounded with towns

towns and villages, in which were no less than thirty-ſix pariſh churches. But it was laid waſte, and the inhabitants driven from their houſes and eſtates by William the Firſt, in order to gratify his *penchant* for the pleaſures of the chace. The diſtreſs which this Norman conquerer thereby wantonly brought upon his new ſubjects, ſeems however to have been in ſome degree retaliated on his own family; for two of his ſons, and a grandſon, loſt their lives on the very ſpot. His ſon Richard was killed by a peſtilential blaſt;—William Rufus, as is well known, was ſlain by an arrow ſhot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a ſtag;—and Henry, his grandſon, while purſuing his game, was caught by the hair of his head, which had entangled in the bough of a tree, and there ſuſpended till he died.

From Lindhurſt we kept the left hand road to Lymington; and paſſed Fox Leaſe, the ſeat of Lady Jennings Clerke. We were not fortunate enough to be able to procure a ſight of the inſide of this villa, her ladyſhip being there, and having company.—

The

The external appearance of it is neat, and the ground that ſurrounds it pleaſant, though not ſuperb.

Burleigh Lodge, and Cuffnells, the ſeat of George Roſe, Eſq. are near Lindhurſt; beſides which there are many other agreeable ſpots; ſome the ſummer reſidences, others the hunting boxes, of the proprietors.

The road ſtill continued its courſe through a woody range that formed noble groups, while a gradual light, darting through the thinner branches in the diſtance, caught ſome open ſpace, where lightly touching the neighbouring cot, whoſe thatch, with moſſy weeds overgrown, ſoftly blended with the huge oak boughs that overſhadowed the roof, formed a pleaſing effect;—at the ſame time the mouldering ſpire of Brokenhurſt, clinging to the elm and yew, juſt ſhows its ſhaded pile. The fore ground thus laid in ſhadow, with a ſmall piece of water ruſhing at its foot, with a ſingle light upon the diſtant cottage, and grazing herd, almoſt formed a picture of itſelf; but when the

ſhy

ſhy ſpire, darting from the firſt diſtance, appeared ſhaded by a flying cloud, it was a perfect compoſition for a rural picture.—The laſt diſtance was fraught with one of thoſe purple glows that the ſetting ſun ſo freely diſplays on a clear evening, when, exhaling the vapour of the moiſtened earth, it ſo charmingly blends each diſtant hill and copſe with its ærial perſpective.

On the right is the manſion of Edward Morant, Eſq. ſituated on the very ſummit of one of the pleaſanteſt hills in the foreſt. Two avenues lead to it from Brokenhurſt. The park is plainly laid out;—the houſe equal to any modern one for convenience:—the entrance is grand,—and the rooms are ſpacious and lofty.—The poſſeſſor, when he began to build, ſeems to have had a deſire to render it uſeful as well as elegant.—The offices lie behind the houſe, as do the gardens. We much regretted the want of a piece of water before this manſion, as ſuch an addition would render it a compleat and deſirable reſidence; but this deficiency is in ſome meaſure ſupplied by a ſmall ſtream

which

which croſſes the bottom of the park, and though not ſeen from the houſe, has a deſirable effect.

Brokenhurſt is one of thoſe remote ſpots where real pleaſure may be enjoyed.—It is an agreeable diſtance from Lymington, and a morning's ride from Southampton, acroſs a ſloping woody country. Several very reſpectable perſons reſide in this place and the adjacent parts, and a ſociability ſeems to reign among them, free from that ſcandal and bickering which too frequently diſturb the tranquillity of many villages.

Riſing another elevation of the foreſt, we got a clear and diſtinct view of the Iſle of Wight.—On our right-hand continued the ſame range of woods we had paſſed as we came from Lindhurſt; on the other ſide a wide deſert heath encountered our ſight.—We paſſed on through another ſmall village, and then entered a grand burſt of landſcape;—a rugged rock formed the right ſide ſcreen;—the towering boughs that hung on the oppoſite ſide of the road drooped

 their

their branches almoſt on the withered fern which courted the gravelly bank;—from this, a gentle declivity of trees fell to the water's edge, that winding round two woody promontories break the ſtiff appearance of the oppoſite ſhore, and terminate at the bridge.—At this diſtance the formality of the buildings on the quays had not ſufficient ſtrength to leſſen the picturesque appearance.—Another piece of water, taking a gentle ſweep round the baths of Lymington, diſcharges itſelf into the ſea.—The Iſle of Wight terminates the view;—though its chalky cliffs have not ſufficient power to pleaſe, they may attract the eye.

Lymington, though a ſmall, is a very convenient ſeaport; its diſtance from Southampton is eighteen miles, through the pleaſanteſt part of the New Foreſt. Part of the town ſtands on an eminence, and leads to the quays, which are ſpacious and convenient. Ships of conſiderable burthen ſail from this place; eſpecially ſome that are employed in the coal trade. Oppoſite Lymington river are the well known rocks,

called

called the Needles, a deſcription of which will be given when we ſpeak of the Iſle of Wight.

It is an ancient borough, governed by a mayor, aldermen, and burgeſſes, without any limited number. But it does not redound much to the credit of this ancient corporation, that when his majeſty deigned to viſit their town, during his late ſtay at Lindhurſt, not even a cold collation was prepared for his reception, notwithſtanding they had previous notice of the intended honour; a *neglect*, to call it by no harſher name, that his majeſty's condeſcenſion, affability, and goodneſs of heart, were far from deſerving.

Were it not that our plan is rather to confine ourſelves to a deſcription of the picturesque views of nature and the effect they have on the imagination, than in making obſervations on men and manners, we could mention other anecdotes of a ſimilar nature; but, for the foregoing reaſon, ſhall content ourſelves with ſelecting from them the following.—

When his majesty, on his late summer excursion, was at Southampton, having enquired of one of the body corporate of that town which way the wind was, and received for answer that it was *south-west*; another of the robed brothers put in, with an insolent familiarity, not at all befitting the personage to whom it was addressed, "I believe it is not *saw-west*, your majesty, but *nor-ese*." The reader, who is acquainted with the dialect of the country, will best be able to discern from it the vulgarity of the speaker, and the indecency of the speech. We were pleased to observe that the countenance of the most gracious of sovereigns, exhibited greater expression of pity and contempt, than of displeasure.

We could not discover any thing of antiquity at or near Lymington, and met with but one circumstance worth relating. The trade for cattle between this place and the isles of Jersey and Alderney, is very considerable, and the manner of shipping and of landing them rather curious. Having fastened a rope round the horns of the beast,

the

the ſailors hoiſt his head to the height of four or five feet from the ground, till only the hind hoofs touch the plank that extends from the ſhore to the ſhip. And in this manner is he dragged on board; the ſailors all the while endeavouring to accelerate his motion by twiſting his tail. In this attitude the embarking beaſt cuts a droll figure, and never fails to attract a great number of ſpectators.

The Portſmouth family take their ſecond title from this place, the eldeſt ſon being viſcount Lymington. The people of the town boaſt of the frequent viſits they receive from this noble houſe, who are not only well known here, but as well reſpected.

As our route, on our return from the Iſle of Wight, whither we are haſtening, will lie through this place, in order to take the New Foreſt in another direction, ſhould any thing occur worthy of obſervation, we ſhall then notice it.

SECTION III.

ON leaving Lymington, we coaſted the ſhore which we had ſeen the preceding evening; but had it not now in our power to attract from it thoſe pleaſurable moments we had then done. The morning was heavy, and the ſky lowered during the greateſt part of the day.

At the extremity of the road we turned up to the village of Boldre, which has to boaſt the reſidence of the Rev. Mr. Gilpin; the productions of whoſe elegant pen are well known. It is a ſmall village, ſurrounded by firs and oaks, and has ſeveral gentlemen for its inhabitants.

From hence we paſſed on through another ſmall village, to Beaulieu Heath, as it is termed by thoſe who reſide near it; but we found it to be another extremity of the foreſt. The ſeat of ſir John D'Oyley ſtands at one corner of it, whoſe houſe and park, though boaſting of nothing more than

we

we generally meet with, help to relieve a barren turf-dug heath.

Turning down the right-hand road a little beyond D'Oyley houſe, it took us to the iron mills. Theſe once profitable engines have ſhared the fate which generally attends any concern where there are a great number of proprietors. Diſputes continually ariſing, the mills are ſaid to have been reduced by them to their preſent deſolate condition. Formerly the iron ore received from the Iſle of Wight was ſufficient to keep them conſtantly at work. After that they were ſupplied from Lancaſhire, on account of the ſuperior quality. But the diſagreements before mentioned having put an entire ſtop to them, they are now ſuffered to moulder into duſt.

The ſalt works along this coaſt furniſh no inconſiderable branch of traffic. At one place, in the neighbourhood of Lymington, five pans are continually working; and many more along the coaſt to Fawley.

From the mills, we once more gained the heath, and took the road to Beaulieu. But a very heavy ſtorm, which had threatened us ever ſince we left Lymington, now commencing, we poſted with all ſpeed over the heath. We had not, however, proceeded far, before ſome peaſants, who were gathering turf, called out to us to ſtop immediately; and upon coming up informed us, that if we had gone a few ſteps farther we ſhould have plunged into a bog, to the great hazard of our own, and our horſes' lives. We would, therefore, adviſe every traveller, when they paſs over this heath, or any other where there may be a ſuſpicion of meeting with bogs, or looſe beds of clay, which are nearly as bad, that they would by no means endeavour to croſs in any direction but by the high road, or at leaſt where the track of wheels are to be traced.

We thanked the men for their kind attention; and the rain ſtill continuing to pour down with unabated fury on our heads, we haſtened towards Beaulieu; but St. Leonards, or, as ſome call it, Beaulieu Manor,

Manor, lying nearer, and ſome remains of antiquity being to be found there, we made for that place. We here met with a welcome retreat from the ſtorm at a homely farm-houſe, and were entertained in a moſt friendly manner by the hoſpitable owner of it.

The principal remaining part of the abbey of St. Leonard, conſiſts of two high walls that ſeem to have terminated the cloiſter. Theſe now conſtitute the ends of a modern-built thatched barn. The other parts are nearly extinct, and are converted into a pig-ſtye. The ruins being ſo inconſiderable, and ſo defaced by the beams of wood, and thatched out-houſes, reſting upon them, ſcarce a veſtige of its former beauty remains, to afford a ſingle point of view in which a pleaſing drawing could be made of it.

The wind having diſperſed the heavy clouds, and cleared again the ſky, and there being nothing more in this place worthy of obſervation, we took leave of our

our kind hoſt, and purſued our courſe to Beaulieu through the ſouth-eaſt part of the New Foreſt.

Here they have begun to diveſt the foreſt of a part of its grandeur, by cutting down a conſiderable quantity of its hardy veterans—the noble oaks; but ſo delightful are the avenues which here and there break an opening to the Iſle of Wight, that every curve delights the traveller's eye. A woody ſide-ſcreen ſtill keeps to your right hand the whole of the way to Beaulieu, which is five miles from St. Leonard's.

There are ſeveral ſalt works near the mouth of Beaulieu river, which employ a great number of poor inhabitants. The village, or town, of Beaulieu is agreeably diſpoſed in one ſtreet, and lies at the foot of ſeveral hills that gradually ſkirt the banks of the river, over which a continued verdure reigns; ſo that from Beaulieu mills it appears more like a garden than common woods.

Some

Some relicks of antiquity are ſtill viſible where the abbey once ſtood; but they are ſo few, that it is impoſſible to combine the ſcattered remains into any point of ſight that would form a picture, or give a likeneſs of the place. There is a wall in ſome degree of preſervation, which ſeems to have ſurrounded the abbey, and which muſt, judging from the preſent appearance of it, have been more than a mile in circumference.

Part of the old chapel is applied to the purpoſes of a cork-warehouſe. It is ſituated near the walls which encompaſs the joint ſeat of the duke of Montague and lord Beaulieu. This ancient houſe, which was erected about the reign of king John, appears to be ſtill unſhaken by the hand of Time; nor has the daring ivy touched its ſtony ſides. The building is very ſtiff, but pleaſing to the view, without any further pretentions to external beauty than merely ſimplicity and neatneſs.

The inſide of this ſeat is leſs curious than the outſide. The whole flooring is of oak, and

and quite perfect; the ſtaircaſe, wainſcot, and beams, are of the ſame wood. The duke of Montague has not viſited it theſe thirty years; nor are we ſurprized at his abſence, the houſe not having, at preſent, a ſingle convenience for a family. It is ſurrounded by a ditch, and has four draw-bridges over it, that communicate with the park, which is a beautiful piece of ground, well watered and wooded. In the church-yard, anciently belonging to the monaſtery, there ſtill appear the relicks of a few Saxon characters, as inſcriptions on the tombs; but they are very much injured and defaced by time and the weather. The monaſtery itſelf, that is, the two ſmall remaining walls, being at this time a nurſery for bees, we were thereby prevented from making a minuter ſearch into the ſtate of it.

From Beaulieu you paſs another turn of the river towards Fawley, which ſhines in every pictureſque ſplendour: and this laſts till you arrive at the ſummit of the hill that enters again the New Foreſt. Here let me

renew

renew the caution I before gave the unwary traveller, not to croſs the heath without due attention. Before he takes the deceptious tracks of the horſe's hoof, or even the muddy ruts of a cart, for his guide over the unſure ſod, let him notice well the hand-poſt;—eſpecially if the declining ſun throws its lengthening ſhadows from the thorny buſhes.

For nobleneſs, as a burſt of landſcape, the view from this hill is perhaps as pleaſing as it is uncommon; and the only deficiency we could perceive, was the want of ſome bold promontory to the left, inſtead of a dreary heath. On the right-hand, the Iſle of Wight, gently ſloping from its wonted heights, juſt left ſpace enough between it and the oppoſite ſhore of Stokes Bay to ſhow the ſwelling ſails that ſweep along the Spit. In front, at the diſtance of about a mile and a half acroſs the heath, a plantation of oak gradually declines into the valley that opens to the ſea, and coming within the general bounds of the horizon, ſoftens the harſher appearance of

of the black furze that forms the foreground.

The road to Fawley, which is five miles from Beaulieu, is directly oppoſite to the gate that limits the boundary of the foreſt. The heath, as juſt obſerved, is covered with furze; and, though it lies high, has many bogs on it. The preceding day having proved very rainy, the part of the road we were to purſue was utterly impaſſable for foot paſſengers, and nearly ſo for horſes. Thoſe we rode on, at every ſtep they took, ſunk almoſt up to the girths in a heavy clay and water; and though the road, from the gate at which we entered to another part of the woods leſs ſwampy, was only two miles in length, we were at leaſt an hour and a half in paſſing it.

We were however ſoon compenſated for the trouble and fatigue we had undergone in getting through this ſwamp. The Iſle of Wight now became a weſtern boundary, and appeared in all its ſplendour; the neareſt ſhores preſſed hard on our firſt diſtance; and

and Cowes road, forming a recefs, was relieved by the hills near St. Catherine's.

Our deftination being for Eagle Hurft, the feat of lord Carhampton, we paffed Fawley on the left, and proceeded along the brow of a furly heath. This building is an excellent land mark, and elegant in its outward appearance. From the top of the tower, it commands a very extenfive view of the ifland and the oppofite fhores to the eaft and north; and from its weftern fide, the major part of the foreft; where Redbridge and Langford Hills are very confpicuous. Southampton and its river have a capital appearance. The fouth weft profpect prefents the Hills of Lymington, and the country towards Chrift-church.

Eagle Hurft, or as it is generally named by the inhabitants of the coaft, Luttrell's Folly, is built clofe to the fhore, and near the point on which ftands Calfhot Caftle. The building is very whimfical, but neat and agreeable to the fight. On the top of it a round tower is erected, which was originally

ginally intended to have a full view over the ſouthern ſhores of the Iſle of Wight; but unfortunately the director or architect forgot that the ground on which it ſtands is not of an equal height with the intervening mountains on the iſland. The portico has a pleaſant appearance, and is very convenient.

The inſide of the houſe, or caſtle if the reader ſo pleaſes, (for it mounts a few pieces of cannon on its battlements) is both commodious and elegant in the extreme. The ground floor has two parlours. On the firſt floor there is a handſome and ſpacious drawing-room. The *baſſo-relievos* that are fixed in the walls are executed in a maſterly manner, and well ſelected;—nor is the judgment of its noble proprietor leſs conſpicuous in his ſelection of a Venus and Cupid, a beautiful picture from the Italian ſchool, which hangs in the beſt bed-room. We could not help regretting that his lordſhip has not a collection; as from this picture, and a few ſcarce etchings by Franciſco Londonio, of Milan, we might expect it to be well choſen.

But

But to return to the drawing-room. We ſeldom ſee ſo much neatneſs as reigns here. A curious glaſs lock is affixed to its door on a ſingular conſtruction. The furniture is plain, and the walls are of a plain paper, with gold and ſilver bordering. A bed-room on the ſame floor is as neat and convenient as the drawing-room. On the ſecond floor is a dreſſing-room and bed-chamber, with every elegance that denotes judgment.

From this, a well-ſtaircaſe conducted us to the top of the round tower, where we enjoyed one of the moſt extenſive views Hampſhire can boaſt. The kitchens, except being damp in winter, are equally convenient with the other parts of the houſe. Several ſubterraneous paſſages lead from the area to a number of marquees, to which the family retire when the turbulence of the weather renders a reſidence in the houſe diſagreeable. In theſe tents there are ſeveral beds, and alſo a kitchen. The houſe being ſmall, theſe retreats are both cool and agreeable. At their back ſtands a yew

hedge, which protects them from the ſeverity of the north and north-weſt winds. From hence another paſſage underground leads to a bathing-houſe on the beach. All theſe retreats are well bricked and floored; but ſo very wet at times, that they are impaſſable.

Calſhot Caſtle, which lies on this neck of land, has nothing in its appearance to recommend it to attention. It is of a round form, with a draw-bridge, and a few buildings for the garriſon, which conſiſts of invalids. It was built by Henry the Eighth, for the defence of Southampton; but at preſent appears to be of little ſtrength, and of leſs conſequence.

We now returned to Fawley for the night, a pleaſant ride of about three miles; the oppoſite ſhores of the river, which are a perfect garden, continually burſting on the ſight. Fawley is a ſmall but very pleaſant town. There are a few ſalt works here, but not of ſo much conſideration as thoſe adjoining to Lymington. Nothing of antiquity lies nearer to it than Beaulieu.

Mr.

Mr. Drummond has a ſeat ſituated about a mile from Fawley, and nearly the ſame diſtance from the ſhore. From the back of it are very extenſive views up and down the river; but that from the front of it is chiefly confined to the grounds before the houſe.

The inſide of the manſion is ſpacious and elegant. The rooms are lofty. A moſt noble dining-room and drawing-room, with a parlour, a library, and other apartments, are on the ground floor. When we entered the library, we obſerved, over the fire-place, a piece, which we ſuppoſed to be by Rubens. It is one of thoſe capital landſcapes that were engraved by Bolſvert. The fore ground of it is rather crowded, but the colouring and diſtance are equal to any thing the pencil of that great artiſt ever produced. We expected to have found more pictures, form this ſpecimen of Mr. Drummond's judgment; but could only ſee two ſmall ſea pieces accompanying this noble *chef d'œuvre* of the maſter.

On the firſt floor, which conſiſts of bed-chambers, the rooms are equally ſpacious and neat. The idea of convenience ſeems to have ſpread itſelf all over the houſe. Nor is the ſecond floor leſs deſirable than the firſt. Theſe two floors contain fourteen bed-rooms, beſides dreſſing rooms &c. &c. The hall at the entrance of the houſe ſupports its roof with a few pillars quite plain. The offices are adjoining to the houſe, and are ſuch as we generally find attached to gentlemens' ſeats. The grounds round the houſe are well laid out, both for pleaſure and convenience. At the bottom of the park, near the water, is a farm, in which there appears to be little, except convenience, to render it worthy of notice.

From Mr. Drummond's we entered again the turnpike road, and purſued our way to Hythe, a ſmall town lying about ſix miles off. The road to this place is through one of the pleaſanteſt ſpots near Hampton, for a morning's excurſion. The foreſt, in many parts, ſweeps to the water's edge. It however preſents nothing very different from what

what we had hitherto ſeen. Till we arrived at Hythe, it was a plain ſtrait road, with a continual proſpect of the oppoſite ſhores. We there gained a totally different aſpect of Southampton, from a piece of broken ground, bounded by a few foreſt plants, under whoſe branches we had a moſt pictureſque view of the town and ſhipping.

The ſcale was too large to be circumſcribed in a ſmall drawing, and too grand for any thing leſs than a picture. A gentle declivity of the hill ſwept round a few ſhrubs that gradually declined the ſteep;—a newly mown clover field, with the ſun catching full on it, and on it alone, bounded the fore ground;—while the river, variegating its ſhades, terminated with Hampton and its diſtance in an entire ſhadow. But though Southampton appeared the grandeſt object in the diſtance, it was too far off to bring into a compaſs ſmall enough for this work, without ruining its compoſition.

Hythe is a ſmall fiſhing town, whoſe chief dependance is on its oppoſite neigh-

bour, Southampton. A few ſhips, and thoſe of no conſiderable burthen, are built here; and we muſt add, their conſtruction is attended with every inconvenience that can belong to a ſhore. A continual bed of mud extends itſelf from Calſhot Caſtle to Redbridge, and renders landing, even at high water, very diſagreeable. When the tide ebbs, in moſt parts it is nearly an impoſſibility to get to ſea at all. We rode along the ſhore a little way towards Eling, but were prevented by the continual beds of mud from going farther.

We therefore turned again into the Redbridge road, and purſued our route through a moſt luxurious continuance of oaks and aſhes which ſkirt the road. We cannot leave this route from Fawley, without reminding the viſitors of Hampton, that when they are deſirous of a pleaſant and variegated excurſion, it will be hardly poſſible for them to find a more ſheltered, pleaſing, and good road, than that from Southampton over Redbridge to Eling and Hythe. And if they wiſh for an aquatic excurſion back

to

to Hampton, they may proceed from thence; it being only three miles acrofs; whereas by the road way it is twelve miles.

Being now defirous of traverfing the fhores of Southampton River by water, we fent our horfes back, and proceeded from the mouth of the river Beft, along the fouthern fhore. At Redbridge, the Beft joins the water of Hampton, and fo powerfully does it predominate, that at ebb tide it almoft frefhens the falt water. The Itching and Hamble rivers likewife blend their ftreams into the water of Hampton; fo that bathing in it can fcarcely, in our opinion, be confidered as bathing in *falt* water.

But to return. We intended, as has juft been faid, to fail along the fhores of the river and obferve its different appearances. Our voyage would have been very pleafant, could we have kept one fhore clofe, while the other might keep its diftance; but we were exceedingly difgufted at the continual fhoals of mud that obliged us to confine ourfelves almoft to mid-channel.

Eling ſpire, from the water, has a pleaſant appearance among its woody banks; but a quantity of ſtiff paling, painted white, proved a diſguſting contraſt to the harmonizing bank, and clinging ſhrub.

A beautiful vegetation ſpreads itſelf along the ſhore towards Hythe; but not having the advantage of a riſing or a ſetting ſun, we loſt the greateſt part of its beauties. The glare of a mid-day ſun on the plants, hurts the eye;—nor was the movement of the tide ſmooth enough to catch its variegated ſhades. On a fine clear evening, when ſcarcely a breath of air floats on the ſurface of the gliding ſtream, we have often obſerved one wave, careleſsly rolling to the coming tide, catch the ſun's reflections on ſome evening cloud,

And ſtain its mirror with the wood's ſoft hues;

giving to the admirers and watchers of her motions, every tranſport that a breaſt, ſuſceptible of pictureſque ſcenes, can poſſibly feel from the conjunction of all the beauties that Nature boaſts. We are perſuaded, that when the imagination of a pictureſque obſerver

ſerver is fired at a combination of pleaſing objects, thus ſuddenly preſenting themſelves, they afford the higheſt pleaſure the heart is capable of experiencing.—But was dame Nature continually to preſent her grandeſt objects to our view, we ſhould ſoon grow inſenſible to them; and all thoſe feelings which adorn the mind, would loſe much of their vigour and efficacy.

The ſhore ſtill bore the ſame aſpect all the way to Hythe. From the water, this town has a pleaſant appearance;—nor is the dock ungrateful to the ſight. Little difference in the view is ſeen along the ſhore to Mr. Drummond's; the elegance of which from the river diminiſhes conſiderably. Nothing of novelty is perceptible till we reach Calſhot Caſtle. From this ſpot Hampton appears very diminutive;—nor does any place but Cowes road ſhow to advantage. Eagle Hurſt loſes its noble appearance;—and even the ſhips at Spithead are not diſtinctly to be diſcerned by the naked eye.

Stretching over to the oppoſite ſhore, we made up the harbour. Wood chiefly accompanies

companies the banks of the river along this ſide as well as the other. Governor Hornby's houſe was the only manſion that broke the view till we came to the mouth of Hamble river. The tide running ſtrongly out, we were not able to land.

Hamble Church has a pleaſing appearance from the water, and agreeably relieves the ſight. At this village there was formerly a priory of Ciſtercian monks, dedicated to St. Andrew, which became a cell to the abbey of Tirone in France, and was at length given to New College in Oxford. We intended to have landed here, but were prevented by the current; and night approaching, we ſtood out again, when we repaſſed a continuation of the ſame ſcenes.

The fort of Netley Abbey makes but an inconſiderable appearance from the water. Itching river was our next principal object. This we ferried up. The village of Itching conſiſts of a few houſes that ſtray along its ſhore. Woody ſcreens bind its right hand, while a more open ſpace lies on its left.

We

We found but few things worth attention till we arrived at Wood Mill, near South Stoneham, where there is a lock which admits the barges going to Winchester, and is the only navigable passage. The back part of Mr. Sloane's house commands a view of the whole river, itself appearing very conspicuous. We returned down the opposite banks, and passed Denis's or St. Dionysius's priory. From hence general Stibbert's house has every prospect that can be wished for. Nothing further presented itself to claim notice on the opposite shore, except Sydney Farm, and the houses on Pear-tree Green. Leaving the river, we now passed the point, and landed at Hampton quay.

A desire of visiting Broadlands, the seat of lord Palmerston, led us next to Romsey. The road from Southampton to that place strikes off near the polygon, to the right, over the common. On this road the New Forest, which lies to the left, appears in every grandeur possible till we pass the heath. His lordship's woods hence skirt the road on both sides. A disagreeable plantation

of

of firs prefent themfelves at its entrance, but are foon relieved by the more pliable faplings of the oak and the afh. Thefe woods entirely formed our left hand fcreens, while the adjacent hills of the foreft terminated in a delightful and fertile valley.

Near the five mile ftone, on the left, lies Mr. Fletcher's houfe. It is a fpacious building, and, viewed from the road, feems to boaft a venerable antiquity. Though low, it commands a fine clear view of the furrounding country. The river Beft runs clofe to the grounds; and the prospect of the continual woods and promontories that verge into the valley, gives a fimplicity to the fcene, together with every beauty that can enliven the imagination.

Verging to the left, we had an opening to the fpire of Romfey church.—Of this edifice, and the antiquities of Romfey, we intend to fpeak more fully when we treat of the northern parts of our tour. Our defign at this time being more particularly to take a view of lord Palmerfton's feat,

we

we ſhall confine ourſelves at preſent to that.

The noble proprietor, much to his credit, permits the inhabitants of the adjacent parts to ſhare in the pleaſures of his grounds. Several walks interſect the park, which are conſtantly reſorted to by the neighbouring gentry. The ſpace before the front of the houſe is elegant in the extreme, and regularly planted with pleaſing, but ſmall ſhrubberies. The lodge is ſimply plain, and diſcovers the refined taſte of its owner; nor could we perceive in any one of the apartments, or any article of the furniture, any trait of a want of that refined taſte.—Elegance and neatneſs, directed by judgment, predominate through the whole manſion.

The houſe is a ſquare building;—the porch ſupported by four ſtately pillars, with a parlour on each ſide;—the windows high and convenient.—But when the inquiſitive traveller, allured from the road by the external appearance, takes a view of the

inſide

inſide, he then finds that the beauties and conveniences within, are far ſuperior to thoſe without.

The hall, which is ſquare and ſpacious, is adorned with a few ſtatues. A Venus *de Medicis*; an Apollo; a drunken Bacchante and dancing Faun; embelliſh the receſſes. A few others, ſmall, but correct, are placed over the doors.

From hence we entered the right-hand parlour; an elegant lofty room, with well-ſuited furniture. The dining-room is alſo of a good ſize, and complete in all points. But when we were ſhown into the library, we were then fully convinced of the juſtice of the encomium we beſtowed on this houſe, when we began our account of it. The combination of his lordſhip's collection of pictures, which indeed are but few, heightened the ſatisfaction we had at firſt received.

A waterfall by Ruyſdal, and that in his beſt manner, was almoſt loſt to our ſight, by being hung ſo high. The colouring of this

this piece is in his uſual ſtile of ſoftneſs and harmony; but too much ſtudied. The flying clouds in mid-day, are in his firſt manner; a littleneſs, however, appears in the waterfall, from its being carried over a number of rocks in ſmall ſtreams. We regretted the want of a body of water in the foreground, to form the principal light; but this defect was fully compenſated by its other beauties.

A large picture by one of the Flemiſh ſchool, is wonderfully correct; the ſubject a merry-making. Two landſcapes by Claude; the diſtant colouring ſoft and pleaſant. The fore-grounds of theſe pictures are not unlike the touch of Patel; but the diſtances are ſo brightly coloured, and in ſo warm a ſtile, that we pronounce them Claude's;—more experienced connoiſſeurs we leave to their own judgment.

Two pieces of Sir Joſhua's preſented themſelves to us, as we entered the door. The firſt was the children in the wood; a charming, ſoft, and beautiful colouring; the de-

ſign

ſign is as delicate and ſpirited, as the colouring is chaſte. The ſubject was eaſily diſtinguiſhable by the bilberry-ſtained lips of the dormant child. The expreſſion of the other child, and ſleepy eye, for which the pencil of Sir Joſhua is famed, almoſt deprived us of the pleaſure that we ought to have viewed the other pictures with.

Its companion, a much freſher, though equally capital performance, was a Venus, with an attendant, chiding a Cupid, who, affected by his mother's lecture, ſtands diſconſolately weeping. This performance, we could not help remarking, ſeemed to be carried to the higheſt pitch the art of painting can admit of. The portrait of the attendant in the back ground is moſt admirable. Of all the faces that ever the pencil gave birth to, we ſincerely think this is the moſt perfect. So excellent an idea never entered the mind of a painter as that which ſeems to have inſpired the pencil of Sir Joſhua when this portrait was produced by it. The ſtriking light on the right ſide is exquiſite; while the reverſe

lays

lays in one of the fineſt half tints ever expreſſed by a Rubens or a Vandyke.

A picture by another artiſt of the Italian ſchool, and a ceiling by the ſame, are well executed. Several other pieces, ſelected with equal judgment, grace the library. A few baſſo relievos and ſtatues alſo adorn the ſides of it; but above all, a capital piece of a Venus couchant, which is placed on a ſlab. The taſte and execution of this piece of marble, aſſiſted by the trueſt ſymmetry in all its proportions, and in point of perſonal beauty equally capital, render it a complete piece of the maſter. Another lies under the ſlab, but is far inferior to the former.

The great convenience of this room, joined to its pleaſantneſs, and the view from it, make it a very deſirable room for ſitting in, and it is therefore much frequented by his lordſhip. From this room we paſſed into another equally elegant; which alſo contained book-caſes and a few pictures.

After having viewed the remaining rooms on the ground floor, we proceeded up-ſtairs. Here we were again gratified with a voluptuous treat of a few more pictures. In an elegant and ſpacious apartment, which we ſuppoſed to be a dining-room, were a pair of capital landſcapes by Marlow. The colouring of them is in his beſt manner. A prevalent harmony runs through the whole. The ſcenes are in the Italian ſtile. The principal one is a bridge; a river the other. Two pictures, very like the ſtile of Mr. Farrington, are equally capital. Some cattle pieces (but none by Bergham, that we could ſee) with a Woverman's, and a few others, fill the room.

The bed-rooms are convenient and neat in the extreme; particularly one, in which we were informed lady Palmerſton's ſiſter ſlept. To give a detail of every beauty, convenience, and elegance that this houſe abounds with, internally and externally, would much exceed the limits of our work.

The views from the houſe are pleaſing and

and picturesque. From the library before-mentioned, we entered the back grounds and gardens. The new stone bridge over the river, appears from this part to add fresh lustre to the scene; and is admirably well contrived to form an extremity to the park. The river Best passing through the park, forms a pleasant and interesting sub-qually tasty with the house and other parts; ject in the grounds. The gardens are e-and indeed for a combination of elegance, judgment, and neatness, Broadlands has scarcely its equal.

SECTION IV.

THE evening drawing on, we left this agreeable place, and ſet out for Redbridge, to ſpend the night. Little that was novel preſented itſelf as we went on, till we looked down upon Redbridge from a wood. The river of Southampton and the Iſle of Wight, as in general they do here, cloſed the evening ſcene.

The road through Longford to White Pariſh Hill was our next route. Here we ſtruck into the foreſt at Totten, and explored the moſt northern boundaries of it. The woody ſcreens of the Romſey road from Hampton now appeared on the right; while Stony Croſs bounded our firſt left hand diſtance; and Ower appeared as the neareſt village on the high road. The ſpire of Romſey Church had a deſirable effect, from the number of breaks that preſented it to us. Mr. Fletcher's houſe was continually in view for four miles. Lord Palmerſton's was not always ſo diſcernible; the uninterrupted

uninterrupted range of woods that intervened, overtopping each other, ſcarcely permitted his lordſhip's houſe, from this point of view, to preſent its elegance to our ſight.

An unvarying ſameneſs continued for the greateſt part of the way till we came near Poulton's, formerly the ſeat of the right honourable Hans Stanley, now of Welbore Ellis, Eſq. No part of this houſe can be ſeen from the road we were in, the avenue leading to it being entirely ſurrounded by firs and other ſmall plantations, which are frequent in this part of the foreſt, and appear to be cultivated by art.

The inſide of Poulton Houſe has nothing out of the common line to boaſt of. It is however ſurrounded with beautiful and extenſive lawns, through which winds a ſerpentine river.

From this place we kept the right hand road, and ſoon entered a new ſcene, it being barren, and void of thoſe beautiful fore-grounds the foreſt ſo frequently pre-

ſents. But here, Nature ſmiling in the diſtance, ſeemed to deſpiſe one of her barren productions. A moſt luxurious cover, ſpreading itſelf along the ridge of our firſt diſtance, gradually deſcended in a ſweep below, on a diſagreeable uniform hill. Above the firſt wood, a grand mountain relieved the humble foliage of the irregular oaks. From the weſtern extremity, another copſe reared its ſlender ſtems, and ſweeping down a diſtant dell, loſt itſelf in the entangled branches of the firſt diſtance. A few other broken hills from the eaſt alſo took their curve down to the woods;—while the ſetting ſun, blending its laſt rays with a few diſtant hills which terminated the picture, gave ſpirit and beauty to every tree that joined them. But when we caſt our eyes on the overgrown ſhrubby heath that ſurrounded our foreground, we could not help obſerving the deſpicable appearance which the planted pines cut. Their ſtiffneſs, joined to the barrenneſs of foliage around, ſo offended the ſight, that the ſpot we ſtood on ſeemed as a foil to the ſublimity of the voluntary effuſions of Nature.

Diſguſted

Diſguſted at the contraſt, we fancied we ſaw *Nature* looking down with contempt on the forming hand of *Art* that had raiſed the firs; and at the ſame time were led to pity the endeavours of man when he attempts to heighten the charms of Nature by the ineffectual aids of Art. We often hear painters declaim againſt Nature's ever being able to combine objects for a picture. But if I dare hazard ſuch an aſſertion, I would ſay, I am firmly of opinion that never painter pourtrayed a landſcape in ſuch a ſtile of excellence as may be ſeen in many parts of the New Foreſt and the Iſle of Wight. As the heath grew blacker, ſo the diſtance appeared lively and dazzling. Thus we often ſee the diſtant copſe, inveloped in the greateſt degree of luxuriance that Nature can poſſibly ſpread, endeavouring to ſoften the hard lines of an ungrateful ſoil, where the bleak north-eaſt wind

Scatters the remnants of his ſurly blaſts.

Nor was a ſcene we ſaw the ſame evening at the boundary of a wood near Longford, leſs intereſting than the foregoing. A group of cows, with a few ſheep, returning to their

nightly aſylum, throwing up as they went on, a cloud of duſt againſt the wood;—the ſun at the ſame time juſt verging and tinting the ſummits of a few oaks;—had a fine effect. The herdſmen in the rear were in a ſuperb and ſofter colouring by the inceſſant effects the cattle occaſioned. Two of the foremoſt, with ſome ſheep, were perfectly diſcernible; the reſt gradually ſoftened away.

Longford is thirteen miles from Southampton, in a pleaſant healthy part of the foreſt, ſituated on the ſloping cavity of a way-worn hill, ſurrounded by grand verdure, and overhanging ſhrubs.—Mr. Eyre has a ſeat here; and his ſon alſo has one, which commands very extenſive views of the parts of Hampſhire bordering on the county of Wilts.

About two miles beyond Longford we had ſeveral delightful views, where the woods formed fore-grounds, and the diſtances were equal to any in theſe parts. One in particular engaged our attention at the

the turnpike between Longford and White Parish Hill; the other about a mile on this side of the last-mentioned place.

Nothing further, worthy of observation, fell in our way, till we arrived at White Parish Hill. Deer Park, where captain Eyre resides, is a pleasant retired spot, possessed of sufficient charms for any private family.

But when we had reached the summit of the hill, we were quite enraptured. Such a scene opened upon us as is seldom ever seen. —Salisbury spire presents itself from a well-topped shrubbery that ranges down the western side of Alderbury Common, and breaks a distance, which otherwise would rather cloy, than afford the exquisite pleasure every spectator must now view it with. The appearance of the spire is charmingly relieved by the plains. Of the city in which this elegant structure stands, we shall speak more fully hereafter, as we purpose taking Salisbury in our way to town.

But to return to the prospect from White Parish

Parifh Hill. The northern extent of it is bounded by the plains; which gradually join a luxurious cover that fweeps round the eaftern boundaries of the vale, and mingles with the bolder promontories that clofe the right hand view. The other fide view, which ftill poffeffes high afcents, is well watered and wooded in its vallies; and breaks into large fweeping curves of the vale, through which the flowing Avon meanders, and difcharges itfelf at Chrift Church.

Lord Radnor's caftle, from this wonderful afcent, (for wonderful it might be truly called) is a confpicuous object. Still the oppofite plains form an amphitheatre, when a break to the weftward, introducing the very neareft boundaries of Dorfetfhire, helps to finifh the diftance of this part. Wiltfhire to the fouth-weft ftill binds the valley; till a fmall hill, rather deformed, abruptly, but not unpleafantly, terminates the weftern view.

Hampfhire, with all its wonted fplendor,

now

now breaks from its remote receſſes, and vying with the pleaſant ſcenes of Wiltſhire, burſts forth into every extravagance that Nature can poſſibly boaſt. The proud plants of the foreſt diſdaining their bounds, ſpread every profuſion the moſt verdant foliage can poſſeſs; making by its grandeur ſuch an elevated impreſſion on the mind, as is not ſoon erazed. This delightful ſcene ſtill continued through the whole extent from weſt to eaſt; and as if Nature thought ſhe could not do enough to gratify the ſight upon this occaſion, ſhe introduced a deſirable limit of the ocean, with all the pictureſque beauties of the Iſle of Wight.

Having received every gratification ſuch a lovely ſcene could afford, we returned towards Romſey. From this ſweep of beauty we deſcended to a lane, bounded on both ſides, for three miles, by hedge rows.—The village of White Pariſh is pleaſant, but there is little worth notice to be met with at it. The very northern extent of the foreſt croſſes the road here, and produces a ſcene perfectly

perfectly different from what we had ſeen before.

A gravel pit gave a luſtre to its fore-ground. The figures and cattle, which conſiſted of a few cows, and a cart loaded with the produce of the pit, were ſo well adapted to the ſcene, that had we choſen their diſpoſition, we could not have grouped them to ſo much advantage as they had done themſelves. A fine broken cottage, with half of its roof covered with ſlate, the remainder covered with thatch overgrown with moſs, relieved the variegated ſtone of which the fabric was conſtructed.—A window half open,—and a door ſhattered by time,—added beauty to the furze and heath that ſurrounded its entrance. A noble aſh entwining its branches with a twiſted pine, ſheltered its right ſide; while a ſtately oak, which nearly extended its boughs to the aſh, brought forward the cottage from its receſs. The only deficiency was the want of a pale diſtance to give the true poetic ſcope to the picture.

Little

Little of any thing interesting presented itself till we had passed the heath. Curiosity here excited us to view a bog of some length, lying on Sherfield-English common. It commences close to the road, and extends over many parts of the common. We endeavoured to find its bottom, but could not fathom it with a pole of ten feet long. In order to try the firmness of the surface, we sent a dog that we had with us upon it; but the rains having rendered it incapable of bearing any weight, it was with difficulty the animal extricated himself.

On the right hand lies Milch-Wood, a pleasant seat, the residence of colonel Osborne, which commands a very extensive prospect. The house, from the road, appears to be a well-built, convenient, and neat mansion; and the grounds are spacious, but with very few embellishments. A little farther on to the left, is Mr. Lockart's, a modern brick building. A small stream, apparently branching from the river Best, passes its sides, and is the principal object that catches the eye.

As

As we aſcended Dunmore hill, the magnificent aſpect of the new foreſt began to grow more extenſive. The rugged heath which we had paſſed the preceeding day, now fore-ſhortened itſelf; and helped to give altitude to the chain of hills we had obſerved to join Wiltſhire.—The colouring of theſe was ſuperb.—Only the pencil of Mr. Farrington could have done juſtice to them. The ſun was bright; and flying clouds, catching alternately at their tops, preſented excellencies we have ſo often ſeen in this maſter.

The wonderful boldneſs and majeſty with which theſe hills roſe, afforded us greater pleaſure than we had yet received. The lines were gracefully irregular, and all that a painter could poſſibly deſire.—No formal hedge-rows appeared to diſpleaſe the ſight; and even the heath before mentioned, which had appeared ſo diſguſtful, when we were on it, now added to the vivacity of the imagination;—the ſun catching forcibly on its barren broom, and gravelly ſoil, produced a fine light to relieve the variegated diſtance. From henceforth I ſhall not deſpiſe the

meaneſt

meaneſt object that nature preſents; for, if the ſubject might not happen to ſuit the immediate ſight, I am well convinced, that although for the moment in which you traverſe it, the appearance may diſguſt; yet when ſeen in another point of view, it will anſwer ſome good purpoſe, and contribute, in ſome meaſure, towards the effect. Thus, in the view before us, the heath gave that contraſted beauty to the towering groves of the foreſt, which they could not derive from a corn field, or the bright hue of the bladed graſs; it blending ſo charmingly with the lower parts of the wood, which gradually decreaſed its noble dimenſions as it deſcended into the winding vale.

The form and elegance ſo grand a burſt of landſcape diſplays to the ſight, makes us deſpiſe that littleneſs which nature frequently ſpreads around her other works. As I have before obſerved, every ſhrub, though highly diſguſting at the inſtant, may have charms when properly ſtudied.

From Dunmore the views are excellent, and

and command the entire ſurrounding country. Dunmore is a hill, raiſed in the middle of a ſpacious amphitheatre, and equal to any in this county. The ſea and the Iſle of Wight are no ſmall objects from it. Declining its ſide, we had a perfect garden at its foot. The river Beſt, breaking from the left-hand hills, which contribute no inconſiderable ſhare towards the harmony of the other parts, caught the frequent paſſing ſhadows of the flying ſubſtances, and heightened the tints of the flowers that decked the opening valley. While we ſurveyed this ſcene we could not help fancying that it had given riſe to the following deſcription in Goldſmith's traveller.

"Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extended wide,
"The pomp of kings, the ſhepherds humble pride."

Romſey church was equally pictureſque, and added to the view. The north window gave a noble appearance to the venerable building; nor was the ſpire leſs obſervable, darting through the ſurrounding trees which hid the lower part of it. With cautious ſteps we deſcended the hill and took a view of the meandering

meandring vale, the beauties of which are numberleſs; but as we cannot introduce them ſufficiently here to do them juſtice, we muſt omit any deſcription of them.

The town of Rumſey, or Romſey, is very ancient, and ſtill boaſts of ſome reſpectability from its church, which is a fine old Gothic building. The external appearance of it is fair, and has an air of grandeur. It is chiefly conſtructed of ſtone, of ſo durable a nature, that the deſtructive hand of time ſeems to have made little or no impreſſion on its walls. The inſide is likewiſe in good repair. The entrance to the chapels is very ſpacious; and there are a few curious ſtatues; but, like many other wiſe corporations, the corporation of this town having raiſed a ſubſcription for the purpoſe, they have been at great pains to *beautify*, alias, to *obliterate* and *deface* its internal appearance. The form of the church is that of a croſs, with ſemicircular chapels in the upper angles. On the top of it grows an apple tree. Near the large window in the ſouth croſs tranſept, is a figure of conſiderable ſize, in baſſo relievo,

 repreſenting

representing our Saviour. Sir William Petty, the son of an eminent clothier of this town, and one of the ancestors of the present marquis of Landsdown, lies buried in the church, with only his name inscribed on the stone, notwithstanding he was so celebrated a character.

The army of Cromwell, among their wanton devastations in this part of the kingdom, fired several cannon shot against the church, but not enough to deface it much. The impression of several are still visible on the walls of the north cross aile.

A monastery of Benedictine nuns was founded here by king Edgar, who were afterwards removed by him to some other part of the county. A daughter of king Stephen was an abbess of it, but her marriage with Matthew of Alsace so incensed the clergy, that large rewards were offered for taking her husband, and delivering him up to the incitements of their religious zeal, whether alive or dead. So offended were these bigots at the lady's relinquishing her holy station

ſtation, that they pronounced her union with the prince of Alſace little ſhort of inceſt.

In the time of Henry the Third, a petition from the lady abbeſs of this convent was preſented to the king, praying that ſhe might be permitted to erect a gallows for the execution of criminals. Her application was favourably received, and letters patent for that purpoſe were not only granted her, but alſo a juriſdiction for trying them.

A large manufactory for ſhalloons was formerly carried on in this town; but the cheapneſs of labour in the northern parts of the kingdom, with the conſequent ſuperiority of the goods made there, has of late years cauſed a very conſiderable decreaſe in that branch.

According to the opinion of Dr. Stukely, this town was a Roman ſtation, to which they gave the name of Arminis. Lord Palmerſton's ſeat, already deſcribed, lies a little to left of it.

Having a wiſh to take a view of the ſcenes which preſent themſelves on the road to Hurſley, we left the near way to Southampton, and took the left hand road. The views we had in the morning, now appeared leſs grand; which was occaſioned by our being below the level of the general ſight at that time. A few ſtraggling cottages at the entrance of ſir William Heathcote's woods have every beauty a woody entrance uſually produces. It continues a perfect grove for near three miles; and we may point it out as a pleaſant ride from Southampton. Thatchbury Mount has to boaſt of having been the reſidence of kings. It is now the property of the Heathcote family.

The evening advancing apace, the declining ſun gave additional beauty to the ſurrounding woods. A purple tint diffuſed itſelf in the diſtance that verged into the water of Hampton, and exhibited freſh proofs of the picturesque appearance of Hampſhire. Croſſing Cranbury Common, we arrived, about twilight, at Hampton, after a pleaſant tour of three days.

SECTION

SECTION V.

BISHOP's Waltham being the place we intended to viſit next, we left Southampton before day-break, in order to ſee the effect produced by the riſing of the ſun. By the time our horſes had croſſed Itching ferry, we obſerved a light burſting through a cloud on the downs; we therefore haſtened to Pear-tree Green; but to our great diſappointment, the miſt inſtantaneouſly vaniſhing, the ſun broke up. We had pleaſed ourſelves with the hopes of beholding a ſtrong expellant from the ſun, owing to a thick miſt that had ſpread itſelf upon the water; the great power of that orb, in the month of Auguſt, was, however, not adapted to the occaſion.

The heath, enlivened by the pearly dew, ſpangling with morning webs the ſurface of the whithered fern, ſhone in a multiplicity of colours, and had ſufficient attraction for the ſight, as well as for the improvement of

colouring a morning fore-ground. The oppoſite ſhores of Fawley now ſhone forth with all their attractions. A fine harmonizing glare of pale yellow ſtreaked along the oak-bound ſtrand, that juſt verged upon the ſhore, and imperceptibly crept into the ſtronger tints of the green and blue by which the river's ſurface was ſtained. Hamble river, and its banks, lay beneath the ſhadow of the adjacent hills.

Inclining to the left, we croſſed into the road near Botley. This town ſtands on a hill, and among its inhabitants has ſeveral genteel families. The buildings are chiefly brick and plaſter. At the lower end of the town are ſeveral mills, the beſt in the county for convenience and capaciouſneſs.

Here we quitted the high road, and ſtruck over the downs which lie to the left, where freſh ſcenes at every inſtant encountered the ſight. The diſtant parts of the county joining the hills of Suſſex, appeared ſo beautifully diverſified with wood, water, and mountains, that it brought another part of Goldſmith's

ſmith's picturesque "Traveller" to our recollection:

"Her uplands ſloping, deck the mountain's ſide,
"Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
"While oft ſome temple's mouldering top between,
"With venerable grandeur marks the ſcene."

A range of woods declining from the ſight, ruſhed down the mountain's ſide to taſte the rivers flow, and join the bending poplar's nod, that overhung the beachy clift, and, unconſcious of their charms, in ſweet confuſion, ſpread along the baſis of the mountains, to eaſe the line of many a rugged ſtep. Such ſcenes frequently encounter the eye near Botley, and afford inconceivable pleaſure to the enraptured mind.

Botley common leads to the lower parts of Wykeham foreſt, the trees of which are high, and chiefly oak, with very little underwood; a circumſtance that renders the gentlemens' ſeats in theſe parts well ſituated for hunting.

During our excurſions in the New Foreſt we had frequently obſerved the cattle about

noon to aſſociate together in herds. Here we had an opportunity of ſeeing great numbers of them collected together on the top of a hill, and we found that it was cuſtomary for cows and horſes to aſſemble in a body, in order to ſcreen each other from the ſcorching beams of the ſun during the mid-day heat. They uſually chuſe for that purpoſe ſome elevated place, that they might enjoy the refreſhing breeze; and are obſerved every day to frequent nearly the ſame ſpot. In one place to which we reſorted for ſeveral ſucceſſive days, we particularly remarked that we always found the ſame heifers, colts, and other cattle, we had ſeen there the preceding day; and that, not ten yards diſtant from the ſpot, nor ten minutes ſooner or later. In the evenings we as ſurely found them cheſt-high in the ſame water, in the adjacent valley. Nor is it unuſual for them, when they are overburthened with flies, to run full ſpeed to the water, plunge themſelves in, and lie on their ſides till they have diſengaged themſelves from their tormenting companions.

From

From the Foreſt of Wykeham, we made for Biſhop's Waltham, or as it is termed by the country people, the Biſhop's Abbey. The remains of this abbey plainly evince that it was once a place of ſome conſequence. One tower only at preſent remains, and that is in a ſhattered condition. The building, however, though much defaced by time, is in its higheſt ſtate of perfection for the canvas. The walls are overgrown with ivy; which, notwithſtanding it had contributed to reduce the fabric to its preſent ruinous ſtate, now lends its utmoſt aid to prevent its mouldering ſides from ſinking into oblivion.

The inſide of the priory is appropriated to the uſes of a farm yard; and ſuch parts of the walls as remain, are covered in, and become barns and cart-hovels. The town of Biſhop's Waltham is a ſmall, diſagreeable, ill-paved, inconvenient ſpot, and poſſeſſed of no one requiſite to make it otherwiſe. It received the name of Biſhop's Waltham, from its being formerly a palace of the biſhop of Wincheſter.

Some

Some years ago a party of the inhabitants of this town retired to a recluſe dell in the foreſt, from whence they iſſued forth during the night; and, their numbers rendering them formidable, committed depredations in the neighbourhood, killing deer, ſheep, &c. for their ſubſiſtence. As they chiefly made their appearance in the night, they were named the *Waltham Blacks*. The place of their reſidence was a receſs, inacceſſible by any other way than a ſubterraneous paſſage. They dreſſed like foreſters; the croſs-bow was their weapon; and ſome ſay they aſſerted that they were the deſcendants of Robin Hood; certain however it is, that they lived, like him, by plunder. In this licentious ſtate they remained a conſiderable time; and at laſt were diſperſed by the activity of the neighbouring gentlemen.

We left Biſhop's Waltham without regret, and croſſed the foreſt to Wykeham; which, whether it be denominated a village or a town, ſtands on a pleaſant, healthy ſpot. It has ſeveral good houſes in it, and is a poſt town on the road to Goſport, from which

it

it is diſtant nine miles; from Portſmouth fourteen. Little elſe is recorded of it, beſides its having had the honour of being the birth-place of William of Wykeham.

This celebrated perſon, whoſe parents were people of mean rank in the town of Wykeham, received his education at Weſtminſter ſchool, and by his great abilities made his way to the higheſt offices. Edward the Third finding him a ſkilful architect, appointed him ſurveyor of the royal buildings, with a handſome allowance. Windſor caſtle, the favourite reſidence of that king, was built under his inſpection; and having executed many other works with equal judgment and fidelity, he was rewarded by his majeſty with ſeveral high preferments both civil and eccleſiaſtical, till at length he ſucceeded to the ſee of Wincheſter, and was appointed lord high chancellor. His memory has been immortalized by the noble foundations which owe their exiſtence to him. Among the chief of theſe are his college at Wincheſter, and New College at Oxford. The cathedral of Wincheſter, as before

before obſerved, was rebuilt by him in its preſent magnificent ſtile, and he lies interred therein. He died at his palace in Biſhop's Waltham.

As, in order the better to purſue the purpoſe of our journey, we never travelled in a public road, but when it was not poſſible to take any other, we now ſtruck into the private one leading over the heath to Southwick. Near the road's ſide ſtands the houſe of Mr. Garnier, pleaſantly laid out with a park and gardens. Here we particularly kept the right hand, which led through a village, and ſkirted the wood-ſide. Nothing remarkable preſented itſelf but that of its being a bad ſtony road, and in ſome parts nearly up to the horſes' knees in ſand. By the ſide of it, a large track of boggy common land, continued for a very conſiderable diſtance, which hurt the eye. This rocky road laſted moſt of our way to Southwick.

At the entrance of this town is a ſmall rivulet, which ruſhing over a few pebbles, relieves the oppoſite cottages. At the entrance

trance of the town were ſeveral brick houſes, the appearance of which was ungrateful to the ſight, and the more ſo as they precluded the greater beauties of the broken ſides of many a mouldering hut.

Mr. Thiſtlewaite has a large houſe on the left hand at the bottom of the town, which appears quite deſerted. The grounds around it are ſpacious, but they are in bad order.

SECTION

SECTION VI.

THE whole of the road from Southwick to Ports-down hill, which was now the ſpot to which we bent our courſe, is compoſed of flint ſtones, by which our horſes' legs were much cut. The ſun being on the decline, we made all the ſpeed we could to reach that place, in order to enjoy, by his declining rays, the beautiful proſpects it is well known to afford. The ſoil of the hill conſiſts of a chalky ſurface, with a bed of flint underneath; and where cultivated is very productive.

Nor were we diſappointed in our expectations, when we had reached the ſummit, which was about half an hour before the ſun ſet. The views were indeed noble and extenſive beyond deſcription. The firſt ſcenes that preſented themſelves to the eaſtward were Suſſex hills. The ſpire of Chicheſter cathedral caught the full force of the ſun's rays, and ſhone in every ſplendor wherewith the Smiths' of that town have pourtrayed

pourtrayed it. The ridge of mountains which ſeparate Petworth from the ſea, though thirty miles diſtant, were perfectly viſible; and through a part where the chain was abruptly broken, the hill of Petworth peeped up to ſoften the diſtance.

The hills of Hampſhire again proved a foil to their neighbours, and launching their foliage along their verdant brows, ſunk by degrees into the valley of Southwick. The ſpire of that village, encircled by the trees, was pleaſing to the eye. Hambleton hills to the north-weſt were agreeable, but not ſo bold as thoſe of Suſſex. Here the valley again encountered the ſight, and uniting ſeveral ſmall purling ſtreams into one body, added freſh luſtre to the dale.

To paint with true colouring and juſtice the hills which range towards Wiltſhire, is beyond the reach of my pen. The magnificence with which each reared its head, and leaned upon its neighbour's brow, with here and there an irregular picturesque broken mountain, juſt riſing its woody promontory

to

to ſkirt along its foot, and blend it with the valley, gave grace and ſublimity to the ſcene. The Wiltſhire plains rather evenly, but not unpleaſantly, appeared on fire from the reflection of the ſun, and cloſed the north-weſt view.

The woods of Hampſhire now reſumed their former luſtre, and ſtretching round to the ſouth-weſt, brought the noble mountains we ſee at Dunmore, to a termination at Lymington. Dorſetſhire ſwept along our horizon, (which the elevation of the ſpot we were on rendered uncommonly extenſive) and introduced the Iſle of Portland into the diſtance. All the foreſt of Hampſhire was clothed in its wonted ſplendor. The ſun, now gradually declining the hill, launched its glorious hues to the extenſive fertile valley that lay below. It was one of thoſe pictureſque ſun-ſets, when the hovering clouds gather round its circumference, and only permit it partially to caſt its rays on ſome flowery vale, and glide up the mountain's ſide, dazzling with its luſtre, and ſtriking with its colouring.—A moment when

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] hill.

[illegible] extensive

[illegible] which the power-

[illegible] difference,

[illegible] rays

[illegible] light in the

[illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible]—A [illegible]

[illegible]

when the mind of the contemplative obſerver muſt be impreſſed with the moſt pleaſing ſenſations.

The Iſle of Wight, with its ſloping hills and ouzy ſhore, is ſeen from Ports-down to every advantage; the eye at once taking in the eaſtern part St. Helen's, and its weſternmoſt point, the Needles. From this ſpot Portſmouth harbour likewiſe receives every addition its inceſſant turns can give it.

The Caſtle of Porcheſter was in our foreground. This building is ſaid to have been erected by Gurgentius, one of the Britiſh kings, before the commencement of the Chriſtian æra. According to tradition, the village of Porcheſter is the place where Veſpaſian the Roman emperor landed when he came to Britain. Here was anciently a large harbour, for the defence of which the caſtle was built; but the ſea gradually retiring from it, till there was not a ſufficient depth of water for veſſels of burthen, the inhabitants removed to Portſea. Henry the Firſt founded here a priory of Auguſtine canons,

 which

which appears to have been ſoon after removed to Southwick; where it continued till the diſſolution, when it was valued at two hundred and fifty-ſeven pounds four ſhillings and four-pence a year. Two of the towers of the caſtle are ſtill ſtanding. The court-yard is ſpacious, and contains a chapel. The whole is ſurrounded by a wall, very perfect, with battlements on the top; but the inſide is much injured by time, and mouldering faſt to decay. It commands an uninterrupted view of Portſmouth harbour, and of the ſurrounding country. The principal uſe it has been put to of late years, has been that of a place of confinement for the French priſoners during a war.

The men of war lying at Spithead appear from Ports-down Hill like ſmall ſpots on the water. The ſouth-eaſt point of Portſea ſtretches to Thorly Iſland, where it retires to the Suſſex coaſt. The blue curtain of night, now ſoftly lowered on the mountain's brow, delightfully harmonized the aërial ſubſtances with the miſty dales, and cloſed our evening ſcenes.

Deſcending

Deſcending the hill, we entered the outworks of Portſmouth; and paſſed ſeveral drawbridges, with many improvements made in the fortifications of that place by direction of his grace the duke of Richmond; but the evening being cloſed in, we muſt have loſt the ſight of many intereſting ſubjects in the military line, that lay in our way to the town.

At this place the empreſs Maud landed, when ſhe came to diſpute the right of king Stephen to the crown of England.

Portſmouth received its name from its ſituation at the mouth of an æſtuary, which at high water ſurrounds a tract of country about fourteen miles in circumference, called Portſea Iſland. Its fortifications were begun by Edward the Fourth, and augmented by Henry the Seventh, and his ſon Harry the Eighth; they were afterwards greatly improved by queen Elizabeth; but to Charles the Second do they chiefly owe their preſent ſtrength, extent, and magnificence. That Portſmouth is a place of ſome

antiquity, might be proved from an hoſpital called God's Houſe, dedicated to John the Baptiſt, and Saint Nicholas, which was founded here by Peter de Rupibus, and at the diſſolution was valued at thirty-three pounds nineteen ſhillings and five-pence per annum.

The Common is now the moſt conſiderable part of Portſmouth; but nothing more than the chapel of St. John, and the dock-yard, are worth inſpection. The former is a beautiful modern building, ornamented in the inſide with pillars of the Ionic order. We regretted that the architect was not known to us. The organ, by England, is a fine piece of mechaniſm, and much admired both for its tone and appearance.

The dockyard, I need not ſay, is allowed to be the completeſt, probably, in the world. A great number of labourers of every kind are employed in it. The warehouſes, containing the ſtores, are numerous and ſpacious; and all the buildings remarkably clean and neat. Commiſſioner Martin reſides in a

handſome

handſome houſe within the walls of the yard, which are at leaſt two miles in circumference; and through the vigilance and indefatigable attention of that gentleman, every care is taken to ſecure this invaluable arſenal at once from the inſpection of foreigners, and the attempts of ill-diſpoſed perſons.

The fortifications have of late been greatly improved and augmented by the preſent maſter-general of the ordnance, his grace of Richmond. The entrance of the harbour is defended on the eaſt by Southſea Caſtle, and towards the weſt by Monckton Fort, ſituated oppoſite the Mother Bank. The former was erected by king Henry the Eighth, was of great ſtrength, and lies about a mile and a half ſouth of the town. On the land-ſide the town is ſtrongly fortified by works of conſiderable extent.

Portſmouth was incorporated by king Charles the Firſt, and is governed by a mayor, aldermen, recorder, and common-

council. A fair is held here on the ſixteenth of July, which laſts fourteen days.

Goſport, ſituated on the oppoſite ſide of the harbour, is a place well known, and much reſorted to by perſons in the maritime line, but elſe of little note. Veſſels ſail at ſtated periods from hence to Guernſey, Jerſey, and the adjacent iſlands. A hoy goes from hence to Southampton three times a week, and one to Cowes every day. But the packet-boats for the foregoing iſlands, and for Cowes, ſail from Southampton.

The harbour of Portſmouth has a fine bottom, with from three to nine fathom water. There are ſeveral channels in it which are navigable at high water as far up as Fareham, a town about ſeven miles diſtant, and which makes a pleaſant aquatic excurſion. As we went up, we left Porcheſter Caſtle to the right;—the hills of Ports-down cloſed the view. Theſe hills, though rather too formal in their lines to give pleaſure, yet ſerve to relieve the near diſtances. Fareham

is

is a healthy little fiſhing town; but as we only ſtaid there while we took ſome refreſhment, we had no opportunity of making any enquiries relative to it. We returned to Portſmouth by a different channel than that by which we had gone.

From Porcheſter Caſtle, the entrance of the harbour has an excellent appearance. Spithead, with the ſhips at anchor there, are conſpicuous objects;—the Iſle of Wight the diſtance.—As it would be impoſſible, without ſwelling the work too much, to enter into a particular deſcription of this place, with its immenſe piles of fortifications and buildings, we have only given the foregoing curſory ſketch of it.

Having ſhipped our horſes, we now embarked for the iſland which had been the primary object of our Tour.—Cowes was the place of our deſtination.—As we paſſed Monkton Fort, we could not help taking notice of the number of new works which were erecting, and which muſt greatly tend to the ſecurity of this important place.

We had ſcarcely paſſed the fort before the heavens frowned, and a violent ſtorm threatened us; but inſtead of being apprehenſive of the conſequences, we awaited the expected combuſtion of the elements with a pleaſing impatience, that we might obſerve the grand effect it muſt produce.—A hail-ſtorm was the forerunner.—The ſea, though ſo near the ſhore, rolled in with a heavy ſwell;—and the waves, caſting their light foam on the ſurface of the ebbing tide, were caught by the rays of the ſetting ſun, which darted through a cloud; while ſeveral tranſits of light from the ſame ſource tinged the flowing ſails of the numerous barks, that, under different tacks, ſkimmed along the ſurrounding ocean. The wind at length abating, the ſwell alſo in ſome degree ſubſided; and we were again able to keep the deck. The remaining part of the evening proved clear and agreeable; but at the time the evening gun was fired at Portſmouth, we were ſtill four miles diſtant from the harbour of Cowes. At this diſtance the ſhores appeared to be covered with every luxuriance the richeſt ſoil can boaſt.—The

ſtorm

ſtorm had been ſucceeded by a calm; at length however a favourable breeze ſpringing up, we reached Cowes Road about ten o'clock, after a tedious paſſage of ſeven hours.

SECTION

SECTION VII.

BEFORE we proceed to give a particular account of the places we vifited on this ifland, and the picturefque fcenes that prefented themfelves, a general, but concife, defcription of it may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

The Ifle of Wight was a part of the territories anciently inhabited by the Belgæ, and was brought under fubjection to the Romans during the reign of the emperor Claudian. By them it was called Vecta, or Vectis. It was afterwards conquered by Cerdic, king of the Weft Saxons, who peopled it with Jutes, a tribe that had accompanied the Saxons into England. Cadwaller, a fucceeding king of the Weft Saxons, is faid to have made himfelf mafter of it fome time after, and to have maffacred moft of the inhabitants. Having undergone many other revolutions and invafions, it at length, together with the iflands of Jerfey and Guernfey, was erected into a kingdom by king Henry the

the Sixth, and beſtowed on Henry de Beauchamp, duke of Warwick, whom he crowned the ſovereign of it with his own hands; but the duke dying without iſſue, theſe iſlands loſt their royalty, and again reverted to the crown.

It is ſituated oppoſite to the coaſt of Hampſhire, from which it is divided by a channel, varying in breadth from two to ſeven miles. It conſtitutes a part of the county of Southampton, and is within the dioceſe of Wincheſter. Its greateſt length, extending from eaſt to weſt, is more than twenty miles; its breadth, from north to ſouth, about thirteen; and above ſeventy miles in circumference. The form of it is ſomewhat of an irregular oval. Newport, the capital town, which is ſeated nearly in the centre of the iſland, is upwards of eighty miles diſtant from London.

The air in general is healthy, and the ſoil fertile. The north part affords excellent paſturage and meadow grounds, while the ſouth is a fine corn country. A great number

ber of ſheep are likewiſe fed upon a ridge of mountains running through the middle of the iſland. Their wool, which is remarkable for its fineneſs, is a valuable article of trade to the inhabitants. Among the natural productions of this iſland, is the milk-white tobacco-pipe clay, of which large quantities are exported, and likewiſe a fine white ſand, of which drinking-glaſſes, &c. are made. A more particular account of theſe will be given when we ſpeak of the places where they are found.

Such is the purity of the air, the fertility of the ſoil, and the beauty and variety of its landſcapes, that it has been often ſtiled *The Garden of England.* Parties of pleaſure are on that account frequently made to it; but theſe excurſions are generally confined to Cariſbrooke Caſtle, the Needles, and a few other places; while it abounds with delightful ſcenes which recommend it to the attention of the artiſt. Of the principal of theſe we ſhall endeavour in the ſubſequent pages to give our readers ſome idea.

The

The craggy cliffs and rocks by which this iſland is encircled, form a natural fortification, particularly on the ſouth-ſide. Sandown fort defends the only part which is left by Nature open to the invaſion of an enemy.

It is divided into two hundreds, ſeparated by the river Medham or Medina, which gives name to them; they being called, according to their ſituation with reſpect to that river, Eaſt and Weſt Medina. Theſe hundreds contain three market towns, fifty-two pariſhes, and about twenty thouſand inhabitants.

The morning after we had landed at Cowes, was not leſs beautiful than the preceding evening had been intereſting. The firſt object which attracted our attention on the iſland, was Cowes Caſtle. It is a ſmall ſtone building, with a ſemicircular battery, ſituated on the weſt-ſide of the river Medina. Oppoſite to it, on the eaſt-ſide of the river was formerly another fort of the ſame kind; and, when entire, they jointly protected the harbour;

bour; but the latter is now ſo totally demoliſhed, that there is not the leaſt veſtige of it remaining. The caſtle at Weſt Cowes was erected by Henry the Eighth; it is a plain building, with a platform before it, on which are mounted a few cannon. The works have lately been repaired by order of his grace the duke of Richmond.

The beſt view of it is on the decline of the beach towards the bathing machines. Here the caſtle aſſumes another form, and ſhows the round tower with the diſtant battlement. A group of trees cloſe the view in one point;—the opening of the oppoſite ſhore, among the trees, is agreeable and ſtriking.

The town of Weſt Cowes ſtands on a riſing ground, at the mouth of the river Medina. Its appearance, when near it, much reſembles Gravesend water-ſide; but the internal part is far more pleaſant and commodious;—the ſtreets however are narrow, and the town upon the whole indifferently built.

Cowes

Cowes owes its origin and increaſe to its excellent harbour; where ſhips are not only ſecure from ſtorms, but ſo happily ſituated, as to be able to turn out either to the eaſtward or weſtward, every tide. It is well peopled, and enjoys a good trade for the ſale of proviſions, eſpecially in time of war, when large fleets of merchant ſhips often ride here for ſeveral weeks, waiting either for a wind or convoy. The inhabitants are in general genteel and polite, without being troubleſomely ceremonious. Many gentlemen belonging to the navy, have ſeats adjoining to this town, amongſt which are thoſe of captain Chriſtian and captain Baſkerville. Mr. White has one here, and another on the banks of the Medina, called Fairlee.

Eaſt Cowes, which lies on the oppoſite point of land, has very deſirable beauties with regard to its appearance and ſituation, together with convenience for families, that is not exceeded at Weſt Cowes; but it has not the ſame advantages with reſpect to bathing.

The

The fare from Cowes to Portſmouth and Southampton, as well for paſſengers as for their horſes, carriages, &c. is ſettled by the corporation of Newport; by which means impoſitions, that might otherwiſe occur, are prevented.

The market is well ſupplied with fiſh from Torbay, and Southampton river; the former has the ſuperiority for turbot, the latter for ſoles. Upon the whole, the accommodations at Cowes are equal to thoſe of any other watering place, and much more reaſonable. The town is enlarging, and from its pleaſant vicinities attracts every year an increaſe of company.

From Mr. Lynn's cottage, at the top of the hill, a very extenſive view ſweeps the diſtance. Cowes lies in a bird's eye view, with the full proſpect of the veſſels in its road, and the oppoſite woody point. The hills of Ports-down are very diſtinctly ſeen; but from their remoteneſs, and the large body of water that lies between, we had not (except at times, when the ruffling wind caught in ſudden

den patches on the water's surface) a sufficient interesting scene to describe, farther than as to its extensiveness.

The evening being clear, we set off for Newport. The road from Cowes to that place is equal in goodness to any in England. A hedged row hemmed us in on both sides, and prevented us from enjoying the prospects that surrounded us. A house at the extremity of Cowes, received its name of Birmingham, as the neighbours report, from the possessor of it paying his men with counterfeit half-pence.

On the road lies the village of Northwood, and to the left of it is Midham, the seat of Mr. Green.

The Forest of Alvington, King's Forest, or Parkhurst, by which names it is severally called, opens very picturesquely;—a bold range of hills, with St. Catherine for its crown, binds the distance. The lines of the hills are charmingly irregular, and blend into each other's sweeps.

On the left hand, the curve of the river takes an opening, and ſhines with reflections of the neighbouring ſhores. To the right, the grandeur of the hills gradually diminiſhes, and they are at length obſcured by the promontories of the foreſt.

The general hoſpital of the iſland ſtands adjoining to the road, about half a mile before you reach Newport, where thoſe who unfortunately are obliged to court the umbrage of its charitable walls, are treated with great humanity and attention.

The entrance to Newport is ſuch as we generally find when a river meanders near it. A bridge is the principal object; but this is too contemptible in its appearance for a picture. Its uſual companion, the buſy mill, lies on the right hand of it. At St. Croſs, on the left, is the ſeat of Mr. Kirkpatrick.

The town of Newport is perhaps the pleaſanteſt in this part of the kingdom. The houſes are plain and neat; the ſtreets uniform; and, except at the weſt end, all regularly

larly paved. The church is alſo a conſpicuous and leading feature to its neatneſs; but it is ſomewhat remarkable, that though belonging to ſo populous a place, it is only a chapel of eaſe annexed to the little village of Cariſbrook.

Here are two aſſembly rooms, and a neat theatre, lately erected; together with a free grammar ſchool which was built by public ſubſcription; the ſchool-room is fifty feet long, with convenient accommodations for the maſter.

Two markets are held here every week, in which great quantities of all ſorts of grain and proviſions are diſpoſed of, not only for the uſe of the inhabitants, but for ſupplying the outward bound ſhips, many of which, as before obſerved, touch at Cowes. When I mention the market, I muſt not forget to notice alſo the farmers' daughters who reſort to it with the produce of their farms, and at once grace it with the charms of their perſons, and the winning affability of their behaviour. There is not perhaps in the

kingdom a place where ſo many lovely girls attend the market as at Newport; and, at the ſame time they are dreſſed with a degree of elegance far beyond what is uſually obſervable in perſons of their rank. You ſee them, with health and ſprightlineſs in their looks, lightly diſmount from their foreſters, and conveying their baſkets, each to her chair, tender their butter, eggs, and fowls to ſale, with a graceful eaſe and complaiſance, without making uſe of thoſe arts that are generally practiſed to procure cuſtomers, or ever abating of the price they aſk. On the two principal market days held here, viz. at Whitſuntide and Michaelmas, it is not uncommon to ſee thirty or forty of them all dreſſed in ſo genteel a ſtile, and behaving with ſo much unaffected complaiſance and dignity, that a ſtranger might be eaſily led to take them for perſons of quality *en maſquerade*. The appearance of theſe charming girls not only excited our wonder and admiration, but we found that they attracted the envy of all the farmers' daughters on the neighbouring coaſts. The market houſe is in the middle of the town; and

they

they have alſo a new market appropriated to the ſale of corn.

The town of Newport is ſituated ſo nearly in the centre of the iſland, (the exact centrical ſpot lying not a mile to the ſouthward of it,) that it is thereby rendered alike convenient to the inhabitants of every part. We could not acquire a minute account of the number of perſons of both ſexes reſident in it, but the houſes are ſuppoſed to amount to near ſix hundred;—they are chiefly conſtructed of brick, and in general are not lofty.

Newport was incorporated by James the Firſt, and is governed by a mayor, recorder, and twelve aldermen; who, I might ſay without flattery, are much more deſerving the title of *gentlemen*, than ſome who have paſſed under our inſpection ſince the commencement of our Tour.

Few places afford better accommodations for genteel people, who may viſit this iſland, either on parties of pleaſure, or for the

benefit of their health, than Newport. The desire of giving satisfaction seems to be the predominant feature of those who keep the principal inns; and by their civility and conveniencies, they have of late years attracted much company.

SECTION

SECTION VIII.

AS we purpoſed keeping the coaſt from Newtown, we croſſed the country to that place. In our way we entered the foreſt of Alvington, and purſuing a tract (high road there was none) that inclined to the north-weſt, at length ſtruck into a ſtony lane, where we had an excellent view of Cariſbrook hills; whoſe mountainous appearance was relieved by a woody valley, that gently ſloping from the foreſt brow, gradually dwindled into the dale.

Still purſuing our courſe through the ſtony lane, we paſſed a copſe of oaks, where the mountains juſt mentioned received every flaſh of grandeur the ſolar rays could produce. The ſea, on the right, now opened gradually, and afforded us tranſitory views of the mouth of Southampton river, of Lutterel's Folly, the entrance of Beaulieu river, St. Leonard's, and likewiſe of Lymington creek.

As we afcended thefe northern eminences, we had a view fufficiently extenfive to perceive that a range of hills, or rather mountains, runs through the centre of the ifland. I think I may with fome degree of exactnefs fix their commencement at Carifbrook Caftle, as a valley opens between them, that takes a direct courfe from the moft northern extremity, Cowes, to the foot of St. Catherine's.

Thefe mountains fweep to the fouth-weft, and terminate their range a little beyond Calborne. Here another dale feparates them from Afton downs, and the Yarmouth hills, which decline rather more to the weftward. Frefhwater-gate and Allum-bay may be clearly difcerned throughout the whole way, after you have paffed the foreft.

Alvington foreft is almoft entirely void of what generally gives the denomination of a foreft to a tract of land; except a few pollard oaks, no trees of any confequence are to be feen upon it, till you fkirt its borders; there indeed the oak luxuriantly intermixes with the afh and elm.

At

At the entrance of Newtown we met with one of thoſe ſubjects ſo often touched by the pencil of Mr. Gainſborough; a cottage overſhadowed with trees; while a glimmering light, juſt breaking through the branches, caught one corner of the ſtone and flint fabric, and forcibly expreſſed the conception of that great maſter. A few faggots, with a cart under a ſhed, formed the ſhadow part of the fore-ground; and the New Foreſt, rearing its leafy tenants above the proudly ſwelling waves, cloſed the diſtance.

From its name, we expected to have found Newtown, a town, or at leaſt a large village; but were quite aſtoniſhed when we ſaw that it conſiſted only of ſix or ſeven houſes. Many circumſtances, however, tend to ſupport the conjecture, that it was once a place of much greater conſideration. In the reign of king Richard the Second, it was burnt by the French, and ſoon after rebuilt.

Newtown-bay, or as it is ſometimes named, Shalfleet-lake, makes its entrance about half

half a mile below the houſes; but its opening wants the general accompaniments, wood and rock, to render it grand.—The banks are inſipid, being devoid even of ſufficient boldneſs.—The point meanly ſhrinks into the ſea, without a ſhrub to court its ſtony flatneſs. From the frequent breaks that open though the wood, Hampſhire was perfectly pictureſque;—the ſea, as a body, added freſh glows to the colouring, and pleaſingly varied the landſcape.

The corporation of Newtown, (for ſmall as it is, this place has to boaſt a corporation, conſiſting of a mayor and twelve burgeſſes, and ſends two members to parliament,) annually meet at the town-hall in order to chuſe the magiſtrates for the year enſuing. The manſion in which this meeting is held has more to boaſt from its ſituation, than from its elegance as a building. The only things in it worthy of note for their antiquity are the mayoralty chair and table. The building is of ſtone, and contains three rooms, with a cellar and kitchen underneath. A flight of ſteps lead to the council-chamber, or hall.

Shalfleet-

Shalfleet-lake falls in agreeably at the foot of the hill; while the village and wood rise to the left, with the downs of Brixton in its distance. Saltern, and Hamsted-point, relieve the Fresh-water cliffs, and bind its land view to the eastward.—Here those who travel for pleasure should pursue the woody tract to the village of Shalfleet, where they will find at every avenue fresh beauties mantling to the view. A body of water is preserved by dams at the foot of the town, where a mill, entangled in the branches of its woody sides, is an agreeable object for the fore-ground.

On the side of a hill, well covered with trees, stands the town of Shalfleet. Little to excite curiosity is to be seen here except the church, which from some antiquity about it, appears to have been in the Gothic stile; but, like many of the churches in this island, it has been robbed of its antique windows, which gave an air of grandeur and solemnity to it, and *beautified* (as they term it) with modern casements. We have before censured this mode of beautification, and by this

this freſh inſtance are prompted to remark, that all thoſe who view with pleaſure the relics of Saxon and Gothic architecture ſtill extant, muſt behold with diſguſt the aukward attempts of theſe good people to correct what Time has brought to that ſtate of perfection moſt pleaſing to the eye of a perſon of true taſte.

Nothing further worthy of attention detaining us, we again made for the Yarmouth road; which having croſſed, and left to the right, we bent our courſe towards Hamſted-woods. The gates we had to paſs, as the roads chiefly lie through the farmers' grounds, were almoſt innumerable; and the ſoil principally conſiſting of clay and marle, in ſome places the roads were extremely bad. The land, however, is very productive, and is cultivated to the road's ſide.

The principal part of the land about Newtown, and extending to the ſpot we were travelling through, is the eſtate, as we were informed, of ſir Richard Worſley. It is not deficient towards the north-weſt in woody

ſceens,

ſcenes, but theſe are too thinly ſcattered to furniſh a proper ſubject for a painter. The elms range too regularly to pleaſe, and the clumps are too formal to combine. Nor is the ſtiff appearance of the near hedge-rows, which encircle the corn fields, by any means grateful to the ſight; on the contrary, ſo cloſely placed, they are highly diſguſting. When it is poſſible to bring them properly into the focus of the eye, on the decline of a hill, or on a gentle riſe, where they may blend into each other, then indeed they give peculiar pleaſure.

From Hamſted we had the oppoſite view of Newtown; but ſo encompaſſed with trees, that little of the buildings were to be diſcerned. We had however a perfect view of Gurnet Point to the north-eaſt; and of the town of Yarmouth, as well as of Hurſt Caſtle oppoſite to it, on the ſouth-weſt; while Lymington to the north-weſt perfected the picture.

From Hamſted we once more returned to the Yarmouth road, and entered it at Linwood

wood Green. Mr. Barrington's ſeat to the left, with its ſurrounding woods, are in fine order; and gracefully fill the left-hand ſcene.—At the entrance of the common we obtained the nobleſt view the iſland had as yet preſented us. Had not the ſea towards the Iſle of Portland cauſed ſo large an opening, it had every appearance of a Weſtmoreland ſcene. The hills roſe with all the majeſty of the Skiddow mountains; the valley produced a lake, with a lonely copſe to eaſe its winding ſhores; while the downs of Afton falling to the more ſtately ſweep of Freſhwater cliffs, cloſe their boldneſs behind Freſhwater church. Nor were the Cariſbrook hills leſs diſtinguiſhable; their irregular pile bringing in a proportion to the effect.

The valley was crouded with its uſual inhabitants, various kinds of cattle, and launched into every extreme the voluptuous hand of Nature could beſtow; the foliage of the fore-ground harmoniouſly diſplayed its glowing verdure, and enchanted the ſight. Every hill brought its foot to the dale, and formed a freſh avenue for the winding ſtream.—The

ſpire

[illegible]

[illegible] effect.

The body was [illegible] in-
[illegible]
[illegible] of Nar[illegible] old below; the [illegible]
[illegible]

ſpire of Freſhwater, darting forth from its vernal attendants, caught the roving eye, and gave additional charms to the diſtance. Nature here ſeemed yet to be in embryo, and ſcarcely to have begun, what, in a few years, will exite in the mind of every ſentimental beholder the higheſt pleaſure and admiration. The ſcene behind it was not equally inviting: the point of land between Yarmouth town and Hamſted head broke up in the middle of it, and ſeparated the mountains from the ſhores of the ſea. Here Southampton water juſt crept in between the diſtances, and brought its woody range to the ſurface of the river. Yarmouth, which lay before us, did not appear ſo intereſting as it ought to have done, from its lying quite flat in the point of view from which we ſaw it.

When we entered the town, we were not a little diſappointed, but it was an agreeable diſappointment. From its appearance at a diſtance, we expected to have ſeen a contemptible place; but, on the contrary, we found the buildings in general neat and clean, though rather low. They were moſtly

of

of ſtone, or whitewaſhed. If Yarmouth was paved, it would be little inferior to Newport in neatneſs.

Having often heard of Yarmouth caſtle, we went to ſee it; but how unlike a fortreſs! Scarcely any thing of ſtrength appeared about it, and as little worthy of obſervation. The view from it was the only ſatisfaction we obtained by our viſit, and that was far inferior to many ſcenes we had paſſed before.

The conveniencies of Yarmouth are very great, both to its own inhabitants, and to thoſe of the oppoſite ſhores. A paſſage-boat paſſes to and from Lymington every day, with accommodations both for paſſengers and horſes. And the paſſage from one ſhore to the other being but from five to ſix miles acroſs, it is thereby rendered reciprocally convenient to thoſe who reſide on the weſtern parts of the iſland, and to the inhabitants of the lower parts of Hampſhire and Dorſetſhire.

The ſhores abound with a great variety of ſhells, which are not found in ſuch quantities at

at any other part of the iſland. The fiſh on this coaſt are chiefly ſoles and other flat fiſh; and they are caught in ſuch plenty, that they contribute greatly towards the ſupport of the poor.

The borough of Yarmouth ſends two members to parliament, and ranks as the third town in the iſland. It is likewiſe a corporate town, to which conſequence it was raiſed by king James the Firſt. The charter directs, that when a mayor is to be elected, the inqueſt by whom he is to be choſen, conſiſting of ten common-council-men and two commoners, ſhall be ſhut up in the town hall, without proviſions, &c. till nine out of the twelve agree in the choice.

Its diſtance from Newport is ten miles; but the road for pleaſurable travelling is the worſt in the iſland. There are not leſs than fifty-two gates to be paſſed between the two places, which greatly adds to the irkſomneſs of it.

The river Yar preſents a beautiful en-

trance, and takes a double courſe. The branch to the ſouth-eaſt paſſes the valley before deſcribed, and ſaunters up to Tapnell; a village ſituated at the bottom of Afton downs. The other branch forms a more conſiderable body, and ſeen from Freſhwater, appears as a lake, the hills meeting, and the ſhores projecting, ſo as to prevent the eye from perceiving its communication with the ſea.

The oppoſite ſhores of Norton, which form the entrance of the river, are pleaſingly diverſified with broken grounds and groups of trees; and likewiſe with interpoſing cottage roofs that break the too regular clumps. It is navigable to the mills of Freſhwater, where the bridge preſerves a ſufficient body to add grandeur to the landſcape, and allow ſcope for the pencil.

SECTION

SECTION IX.

HAVING refreſhed our horſes, we ſet out the ſame evening for Freſhwater Gate, taking the road that had brought us to Yarmouth from Linwood Green. We then ſtruck into the firſt right-hand road, leading to the bridge that croſſes the ſouth-eaſt courſe of the river.

Here the bridge became an object. From the hills adjoining to Yarmouth it is viewed to ſome advantage, but here it redoubled its harmony with the valley.—The ſun was warm and declining.—The ivy that had helped to deface its ſides, now brightened its appearance, and gave, as an atonement for its ravages, its friendly aid to bind the building, and variegate its general tints.—Nor did the hills in the diſtance diminiſh the ſplendor of the ſcene: a wood ſwept on the other ſide of the bridge from hill to hill, and formed a perfect amphitheatre.

The colouring was ſuperb and rich; a

glow of purple ſtained the diſtance, while the faint rays of the ſun juſt caught the bridge, and glided along the tops of the wood. The ſide-ſcreens lay, one in a half tint, the oppoſite one entirely in ſhadow; the whole blending ſo uniformly, that it had the moſt pleaſing effect we had ſeen in any view during our whole route.

At the declenſion of the ſun, eſpecially in the month of September, the grandeſt effects of light and ſhade are obſervable. The movement of theſe rapturous tranſits of Nature are inſtantaneous; and if not cloſely obſerved, fly before the eye is half gratified. The colouring at this time is always chaſte; and the length of the ſhadows from the mountains, in general confine the light to a principal object; which, if it does not as quickly ſtrike the imagination as its motion is haſty, every beauty muſt inevitably be loſt.

I am convinced that the remnants of light in an evening are much finer when the ſun returns to the ſouth, than when in the ſpring it

it approaches the northern hemiſphere. Nor does it loſe any of its luſtre by ſetting where the ocean conſtitutes the horizon. In general its lights are clearer, and diffuſe a greater variety of colours to the land; while the water, babbling up in gentle waves, catches its rays, and gives us the very ſoul and ſpirit of *Claude*'s maſter pieces.

The evening drawing on, we haſtened towards the intended ſpot. Thorly ſurprized us when we entered it. From the maps of the iſland we had been led to expect that this pariſh contained a conſiderable village; but a few houſes only preſented themſelves, and thoſe ſurrounded by woods. Wilmingham is a pleaſant ſpot, but nothing further.

From Afton we had a freſh view of the ſcene we had had from the entrance of Yarmouth. The cliff of Freſhwater Gate roſe with majeſtic grandeur, but from its chalky corner abruptly obtruded itſelf. The lines of Afton downs ranged beautifully; while the nobler aſcent of the downs of Freſhwater doubled their ſplendor; a gleam of

light ſtole over the hills, and preſented the woody vale with force and bloom. The furzy ſcrub that ſtraggled on the ſurface of the mountains, was a great helpmate to ſoften their ſides. The laſt, but not the leaſt addition to this view is the village on the oppoſite ſide of the water, whoſe reflections gave every different hue to heighten the ſtudy. We much regretted the want of a fore-ground, as nothing but a patch of ripe corn continually encountered the ſight. Nor could we help wiſhing for a few of thoſe ſcenes that preſented themſelves in the New Foreſt; ſome of its noble oaks would have fully completed the grandeur of the ſcene before us.

We now aſcended Afton down; and for the firſt time had an uninterrupted view of the ſea. The proſpect was fine;—the evening was ſerene;—and the billows, as if forgetful of their uſual boiſterouſneſs, ſeemed to be lulled to a ſtate of tranquillity by the warblings of the feathered ſongſters in the neighbouring groves, whoſe little throats poured forth, in moſt melodious notes, their grateful

grateful tranſports to the Great Giver of their daily food.—To add ſolemnity to the ſcene, the fluttering ſails of the ſurrounding veſſels lay motionleſs; not admitted even the gentleſt breath of the zephyrs that wantoned about them.

On the right lay the ſpot called Freſhwater Gate, which, we were informed, derives its name from its being placed there to prevent the water of an adjacent ſpring from uniting with the ſea. This derivation, however, does not ſeem to be very well grounded.

A cottage is the only habitation to be found here, but that cottage, which is kept by a publican, affords every accommodation a traveller can wiſh for; and frequent parties of pleaſure are made to it.

The cliffs that form Freſhwater-bay are very high, and when you look down from them, you find a degree of terror excited in the mind. Many parts of them, unable to withſtand the conſtant ravages of the ſea,

have been washed down. On the left hand of the bay, two large masses of the cliffs have been torn from the sides, and have fallen perpendicularly into the water. In the bottom of one of these fragments there is a large chasm, forming a perfect arch; the other appears to be still unhurt by the depredations of the spray.

From this spot St. Catherine's appears the most southern boundary of the island; and owing to the chalky cliffs which are about half way up its side on a platform of green, is frequently taken for some ancient castle. The shore towards it is rocky, and the cliffs exceedingly steep, with small tufts of grass growing on their sides.

But when we viewed the cave of Freshwater, we were lost in wonder at the direful effects of the raging foam. These cliffs measure, from the surface of the sea at low water to their top, near six hundred feet. The cave is a natural cavity in the bottom of the rocks, forming two arches. Those who visit it can only enter at low water.

The

The infides of the arches are overgrown with mofs and weeds, and ferve as a fine contraft to the fea and cliffs. Several pieces of rock, which have fallen from the afcents, block up the paffage into the cave, at half tide. Among thefe, one in particular, much larger than the reft, rifes fome feet above high-water mark; the form of which I have particularly fketched, and it accompanies the annexed view of this romantic fpot.

Stakes are faftened to the rocks, and others are placed on the fhore, to which cords are fixed, that paffing from ftem to ftern of the boats belonging to the place, prevent them from being beaten to pieces by the furf, or carried to fea when the wind blows hard. The bottom is a fine fand; and from the healthy fituation of the fpot, would be an excellent place to eftablifh a bathing machine; but there being no houfes near, a confiderable objection may arife from that circumftance.

On this fhore the naturalift will find numerous attractions for his fcientific refearches. A variety of foffils are impregnated with

with the rocky ſubſtance of the cliffs, together with native ſpars ;—copperas ſtones are frequently thrown by the tide on the beach ; —and pieces of iron ore, in its primitive ſtate, are ſometimes ſtrewed along the ſhore. Viens of rocks, ſhooting from the cliffs, run to a length that cannot be aſcertained, into the ſea. At a diſtance they appear like water-pipes ; and on examination are found to conſiſt in the middle of a vein of black rock, covered with an incruſtration of iron. The ſhape of theſe veins is ſingular, but very regular, and pointed ; they dart into the ſea among the other rocks which form the entrance of the cave.

Several cavities appeared to be in the rocks as we viewed them towards the Needles, but none of them led to a ſubterraneous paſſage of any length. There are three or four at the bottom of the range called Main-Bench, but none equal to Freſhwater-Cave.

Having made all the obſervations we could on this bay, and the night creeping on apace, we retired to the village ; but not with any very

very ſanguine hopes of meeting with agreeable accommodations. We, however, found ſuch as all thoſe who are in purſuit of the beauties of Nature, and can feaſt on the delightful ſcenes ſhe preſents, will readily put up with. To ſuch, a ſavoury raſher, a ſlice of brown bread, with a draught of home-brewed beer, is a feaſt;—the humble pallet, a bed of down.

Wiſhing to view a ſun-riſe on theſe hills, we roſe by break of day; but ſo different are the morning and evening ſcenes of the iſland from thoſe on the oppoſite ſhores, that it is ſcarcely to be credited, unleſs you narrowly watch every operation of Nature. We expected to have ſeen the ſun burſt from behind the eaſtern hills, and immediately ſcatter the dewy ſubſtances that fall in great profuſion here; but inſtead of viewing his rays contending only with the morning vapours, as the day broke, a thick condenſed cloud reared itſelf from the ſouth-eaſt, and continued to increaſe in its ſize, till it enveloped all the hills in a gloomy ſhade. Shortly after, a glimmering ray of light ſkirted the

the horizon, and diffused its beams to every point, but that in so weak and faint a manner as was far from pleasing. From its earliest approach, at the dawning of the day, we had entertained hopes of seeing the sun gild the tops of the mountains with all its brilliance, and break with grandeur on the neighbouring copse; but in this we were disappointed. We were informed by the farmers resident here, that they scarcely ever knew the day break in this manner, with clouds accompanying the opening dawn, but that the ensuing day proved very hot. For once, however, they were mistaken: during this day the rain frequently descended on our heads in torrents.

Allum Bay was our route on the succeeding day; where our expectations were not in the least degree disappointed. In our way to it, several confined views, at the foot of the mountains, had much the same appearance as the Cumberland and Westmorland hills give to a picture—a stone-sided cottage, with one-half of the roof slated, the other

other covered with a moſſy thatch, ſurrounded by pleaſing clumps of trees and projections of rocks from the overgrown ferny heath;—while a ſhattered gate bounds ſome nearly-ruined ſtony wall, that incloſes a flock of ſheep, and confines them upon the rugged ſteep.

Scenes of this kind frequently ſkirted the road's ſide till we reached the ſummit of the path that led to the warren. Here a new ſcene ruſhed upon us, as pleaſing as it was picturesque. The declivities of the valley was a fine ſpecimen of broken ground;—the burrows of the little inhabitants of the warren added relief to the rocks and verdure that adorned its ſides;—and a mixture of gravel and marle, with here and there maſſes of white ſand, contributed to the perfection that was viſible to every diſcriminating eye;—while the Needles terminated the firſt ſight, the Iſle of Portland compoſed the greateſt diſtance.

As we deſcended the road, a horſe, tied to a buſh, obſtructed our progreſs. Supposing

posing it to belong to some visitor, like ourselves, of these picturesque scenes, who, finding the hill too steep, and the road too rugged, to ride down with safety, had dismounted and walked down, we followed the example he had set us:—but what was our surprise when, coming up with the owner of the horse, we recognized him to be my worthy friend, Mr. La Porte, a very ingenious artist!

Before our arrival, this gentleman had ransacked the spot; and did not hesitate to pronounce the sight equal to any he had ever seen, either in or out of the island we were upon. As from the nature of our plan, our specimens of this place must fall very short of the numberless beauties it exhibits, for a more extensive representation of them we will beg leave to refer our readers to the works of the before-mentioned artist; from whose chaste and correct pencil every beauty, justly and pleasingly delineated, may be expected; and, from his rapturous exclamations when on the spot, we are not without hopes that the next

next exhibition at the Royal Academy will be graced with them.

The mountainous cliffs that form Allum Bay are terrific in the extreme; a huge angle of rock, ſhelving over your head, is the conſtant accompaniment of the heights; and many of them are near ſeven hundred feet from the ſurface of the ſea at low water.

In theſe rocks the progreſſive operations of nature in their formation are eaſily diſcernible.—We found them to be compoſed of a regular gradation of ſubſtances, from a watery clay to a perfect and ſubſtantial petrefaction. The winter blaſts, and inceſſant ravages of the ſea, frequently hurl large tufts of earth from the ſtupendous heights to the ſtrand beneath; and theſe, lying there immovable, gather from the undulations of the waves ſmall ſhells, foſſils, and pieces of flint; till, hardened by time and the petrifying quality of the water, they become at length a perfect ſubſtance.

We

We broke ſeveral large clumps, which had undergone this tranſmutation, and found that they had attracted every marine production. In their primary ſtate they appeared to have been chiefly clay, without any durability. Their ſecond ſtate was, when the water had thrown its floating weeds round their ſides, and had juſt begun to attract the foſſil particles and pieces of broken ſhells, which, entangling in the moſs and ſegments, there remained, and contributed to their growing ſtrength. In their third progreſſion we found, that flint and ſpar had forced their way into their centre, and cemented the earth together, till, in the courſe of time, the water had petrified, and clothed them with copperas ſtones and iron ore for their outward coat. Their fourth and laſt ſtage was, where, the waves having waſhed them every tide, they plainly exhibited, on their outward appearance, all the foregoing ſubſtances entirely converted to hard ſolid rock. The minuteneſs with which we examined theſe ſtones left us not the leaſt room to doubt but that ſalt water is poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed of the power to petrify, in a ſeries of time, the ſofteſt and moſt diſſoluble aſſemblage of earths.

The fine white ſand before mentioned is found here, about a hundred feet above the ſurface of the beach, of a peculiar quality. The ſtratum lies between two others of clay. This ſand is the only ſort that is to be found in theſe kingdoms fit for making white glaſs; it is likewiſe uſed at Worceſter for manufacturing china; nor will any other do for theſe uſes. The miners employed in digging it informed us, that this vein, from repeated examinations, has been found to run entirely through, from the extremity of the point oppoſite to Yarmouth to the downs of Afton. It belongs to Mr. Urry, of Yarmouth, and the profit ariſing from it is very conſiderable. As often as the weather will permit, veſſels lie in Allum Bay to load with it.—Here likewiſe is dug the tobacco pipe clay before ſpoken of.

The compoſitions of the ſoil which form theſe ſtupendous heights are of the greateſt

variety we ever met with—The bottom is a hard mixture of flint and chalk, whose durability is able to encounter any attacks but the ocean's fury. The next vein is a black softish mud, or watery clay, over which is an ochre of a bright cast. Here the sand-pits take their rise, whose stratum, measuring ten feet in depth, is situated on the hard plain floor of ochre before mentioned, having above it another vein of much the same quality. Over these we observed a variety of coloured clays and earths, some of which were of a perfect pink and green hue, with the interposition of chalk, flint, and mould, without distinction. In short, I scarcely think that any part of the kingdom produces, in so small a compass, such a mixture of soils.

The workmen are seldom able to continue working at the sand-pits longer than the month of October; sometimes not so long. In the winter, the sea, agitated by the violent south-west winds, which then generally blow, breaks into the pits, and, under-

undermining the other heights, brings down the whole force of the mountain. When these crashes happen, they may be distinctly heard at the village of Freshwater, though two miles distant.

This sufficiently accounts for the great quantities of rock that bind the shores. When they fall to the water's edge, every tide, as before observed, adds permanency to their substance. A little nearer to the chalky sides of Freshwater downs we still found greater cavities in the earth. The quantity of rain that in this part sweeps along the downs, here finds a vent. The day being rainy and boisterous, we enjoyed peculiar satisfaction from viewing the ravages incessantly committed by it.—A bold stream issued from the top of the rocks, which joined several smaller ones about a quarter of the way down; where, violently bursting on the large clumps of iron ore from which the earth had been washed, they gave grandeur and beauty to the scene. When the torrents caused by the rain are very violent, they carry all before

them from the heights, leaving their impregnations on the ſurface of the earth. Large maſſes, of a green colour, appeared on many of the points, which we ſuppoſed to have been cauſed by the quantity of copperas that lies on the rocks; and we likewiſe found ſeveral ſtones ſtrongly infuſed with a tincture of that mineral.

Nor are theſe cliffs deficient in iron; ſeveral ſprings iſſue from the ſides of them, which, in their paſſage to the ſea, leave a ſediment behind them tinctured with it. A great quantity of iron ore lies along the beach, which, like the rocks before deſcribed, had received additional ſtrength from having been expoſed to the air and ſea. Some of theſe we found as ſoft as clay, and many harder than the rocks themſelves; for, on oppoſing their ſtrength, the iron remained whole, while the rocks chipped in pieces.

Theſe rocks and earths, when the water leaves them, appear very like the Glaciere mountains, in Switzerland; ſeveral hun-

dred

dred points ſhoot upwards, gradually decreaſing in their circumference. We obſerved that the ſprings, even when not augmented by the rain, formed two or three caſcades; and theſe, at the time we viewed them, were by no means contemptible ones. We thought them ſo intereſting that we took the annexed view of them. But it muſt be obſerved, that as theſe ſcenes, from the before-mentioned devaſtations, alter every year, they may not perhaps be found exactly in the ſame poſition as when viewed by us. Whether they are or no, it is certain they will not be ſeen to leſs advantage, as every ſummer adds freſh, though tranſient beauties to them.

The time to ſee them in their greateſt perfection muſt be while the ſun is ſetting; his beams then giving additional force to every touch Nature ſo wantonly ſports with; as they ſtand at the cloſe of the day directly in his focus.

We now paſſed along the beach, ſtill nearer to the white borders of the Nee-

dles, where freſh objects enchanted our ſight. A ſtupendous aſcent, near five hundred feet in height, with another rather leſs, one of them of a perfect pink colour, the other of a bright ochre with its foot covered with the green ſediment of copperas, had an appearance as wonderful as uncommon. So ſudden a difference, though ſingular, muſt, when blended in a picture, produce a charming harmony. The only ſtiff object was the white cliffs; but the glare of theſe was rather alleviated by the weeds which hung down them, and the blue ſurface of the flints.

The point that extends to thoſe fatal rocks, called the Needles, (which once, there is not the leaſt room to doubt, formed the extremity of the land,) is near a quarter of a mile in length. From its ſides flow ſeveral ſtreams, but they are too ſmall to form a body. The quality of the water of theſe ſtreams is allowed, by ſeveral gentlemen who have analized it, to be very good. They are chiefly chalybeate; but one we taſted left the rancorous flavour of

of copperas behind. It was not, however, ſufficient to affect the ſtomach. There is every probability that this long waſte will in time become, like the Needles, a terror to ſeamen; but it will require many centuries to bring ſo grand an object to perfection.

As we returned, a number of ſmall ſtones rattled down from the ſides of the rocks, which we thought, at firſt, were thrown by ſome playſome boys who were above; but we ſoon found it was occaſioned by the ſheep that were grazing on the very brink of the precipice, ſome of whom had even got below the edge, in order to pick up the herbs that ſkirt its brow.

The only inhabitants of this dreadful promontory are gulls and puffings, who reſort to it about the month of May, to breed, and leave it towards September. The country people reſident in this part of the iſland are very dexterous in taking the eggs of theſe birds. This they do by means of an iron crow, which they fix

into the ground on the top of the cliffs, and ſuſpending themſelves from it, in a baſket faſtened to a rope, they get at the neſts.— A method not unlike that purſued by the gatherers of ſamphire, from the ſide of Dover Cliff, as deſcribed by Shakeſpeare, in his King Lear:

> " ——— Half way down
> " Hangs one that gathers ſamphire;—dreadful trade!
> " Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head."

As ſoon as the men get thus ſuſpended, they halloo; upon which the birds quit the holes wherein their eggs are depoſited, and, flying away, leave them a prey to the unfeeling plunderer. The eggs of theſe birds are found here in great plenty, and this is the only part of the coaſt where they build. Some of them make even the Needles a receptacle for their young. Strangers frequently buy theſe eggs through curioſity; but they are ſeldom eaten, except by the country people who take them, and who likewiſe ſometimes deſtroy the birds for the ſake of their feathers,

feathers, by knocking them down with ſticks as they fly out of their holes.

The chief food of theſe birds is fiſh, which they take with extraordinary agility, picking them up as they ſkim along the ſurface of the ſea. The puffing is a ſpecies of the ſeagull, differing from it only in colour, its head and wings being promiſcuouſly covered with brown ſpots.—Many gentlemen reſort to theſe cliffs, in order to enjoy the amuſement of ſhooting; and as, upon hearing the report of the gun, ſeveral hundreds of the birds leave their holes at a time, and hover about, they generally find excellent ſport.

At Lymington the Needles have a very pleaſing appearance, not unlike that which St, Catherine's makes when ſeen from Freſhwater gate. The ſingular effects that time has wrought on the beach of theſe celebrated rocks, was the laſt thing which engaged our attention.—The pebbles and flints lying on the ſurface of it, are perfectly ſmooth, from the repeated friction of the

the waves, and the force with which the ſea daſhes them againſt each other; ſo that they appear exactly like a great number of marbles, only of a more conſiderable ſize. Here likewiſe many veins of iron, reſembling water-pipes, like thoſe at Freſhwater gate, before deſcribed, launch a long way into the ſea; and, although the bottom is ſandy, it requires a thorough knowledge of the coaſt to land clear of the rocky parts.

The weeds, called here by the country people delſe and tangle, grow and flouriſh on theſe rocks; and they are likewiſe ſuperbly touched with a bright yellow moſs, which adds relief to the other tints that ſtrew the ſhore. Allum is alſo found here, but in no great quantity, nor very good in its quality. From this circumſtance we may ſuppoſe the bay to have received its name.

SECTION

SECTION X.

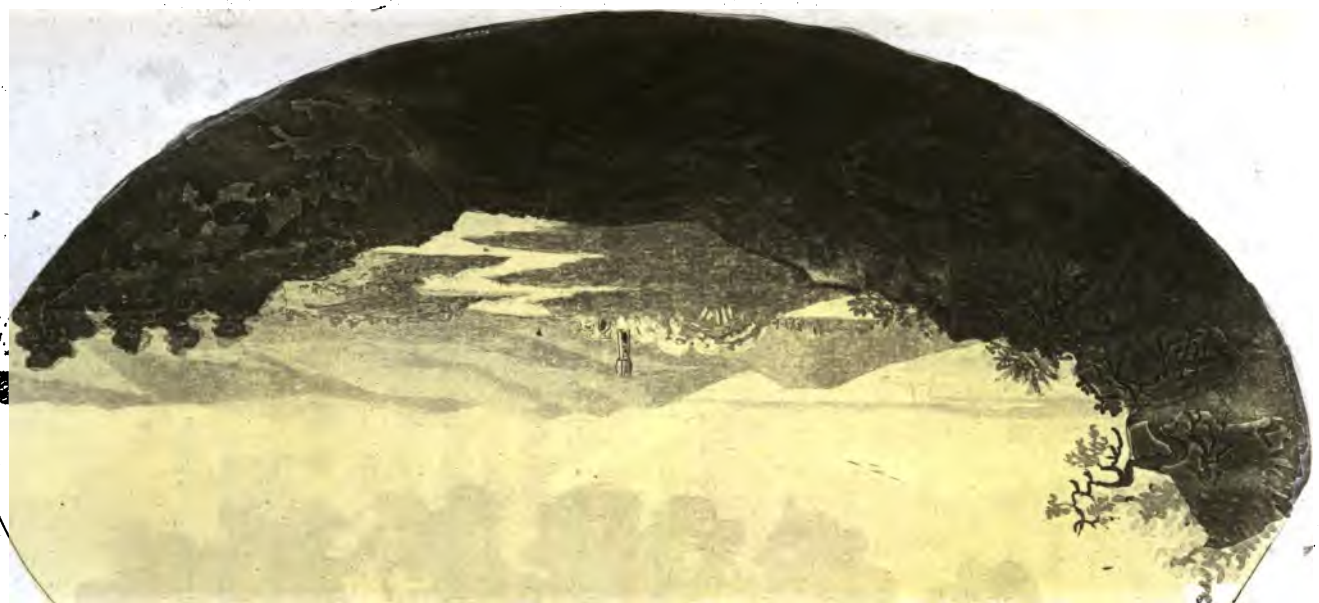
WE now left this place, but not without great regret, having received inexpreſſible pleaſure from its tremendous grandeur; of which we have endeavoured to give our readers ſome idea in the annexed plate. Having mounted our horſes, and being joined by the gentleman we had accidentally fallen in with, we ſat out with a deſign to aſcend the downs of Freſhwater; but miſſing the road, we attempted to climb the mountain. The ſlipperyneſs, however, of the graſs, occaſioned by the rain and the ſteepneſs of its ſides, prevented us from carrying this deſign into execution. We accordingly diſmounted, and, with great difficulty, regained the road. And we would take this opportunity to caution all thoſe who viſit the Iſle of Wight, not, in any part of it, to leave the beaten road, if they can poſſibly avoid it; for though the people of the country, who are not eaſily terrified at any intricacies, can readily find the neareſt way from

place

place to place over the downs, yet if you do not perceive a track to lead up the hill, you may be affured there is no paffable road that way.

Having regaled ourfelves at Frefhwater gate, we again mounted the downs of Afton. From the extreme height of thefe plains, and of the adjacent ones, we generally found the fummits of them barren, while the vallies are exceedingly fruitful; and where the hills are cultivated, and grain fown, from the almoft continual north-eaft winds that fweep over them in the winter, and their being expofed to the fcorching rays of the fun in the fummer, (a contraft unfavourable to vegetation,) we often obferved, that while a part of it was green, the reft was ftunted and parched up. This difference in the ripenefs, together with the fmallnefs of the ear, even in its higheft perfection, renders the cultivation of corn on thefe elevated fpots very unprofitable, and not worthy of the farmer's attention.

They, however, afford a fweet and rich pafture



paſture for ſheep, and ſome are kept upon them; yet not ſo many as there might be; nor is it in the power of argument to prevail on the farmers to extend ſo beneficial a branch. The ſheep in theſe parts appear to be of the Dorſetſhire breed—tall, and well fleeced;—and the mutton is equal in goodneſs to any in Great Britain.

Wiſhing to keep as cloſe to the ſea ſhore as poſſible, we now made for Compton Chine; but met with nothing intereſting till we croſſed Compton Down; we then came to a ſmall village, called Brook. The chine of Brook has a greater chaſm to preſent than Compton; but even this did not come up to our expectations. The village of Brook lies in a receſs formed by two mountains, which ſhelter it from the violence of the winds.

The places to which, in theſe parts, the name of *chine* is given, are breaks or chaſms in the cliffs, which ſeem to have been occaſioned by ſome violent eruption

or

or infringement of the ocean. Through ſome of them we obſerved ſprings to flow.

From Brook we croſſed to Mottiſton; and in our way paſſed through a ſoil entirely different from any we had hitherto ſeen. For near two miles the ſurface of the road conſiſted of ſand, perfectly red. Under this was a vein of white ſand. And beneath that a great quantity of iron ore, intermixed with flint and chalk.

The variation of the ſoil in this iſland is beyond deſcription. They may be truly termed the vagaries of Nature; in which ſhe ſports with uncontrolled extravagance. Every year, to an obſervant and frequent viſitor of the iſland, ſhe preſents ſomething new; and in every alteration ſhe ſeems to be more luxuriant. To-day we find her thruſting forth ſome bold promontory into the ſea, in order to check the impetuous waves, and afford the mariner an aſylum from their fury. To-morrow, unmindful of the magnificence of her former work, ſhe hurls the foaming wave againſt its ſtately ſide,

ſide, and levels it with the humbler ſhore; and probably after having tumbled this precipice headlong down its craggy ſteep, ſhe forms a rugged ſtony channel for ſome rapid torrent, produced by the heavy rains that ſo frequently annoy the weſtern coaſts of England; which ruſhing down its ſide, forms at once maſſes for the artiſt, and preſents a pleaſing ſight to the curious ſpectator.

The hills of Yarmouth, as well as the vallies of Newtown and Shalfleet, were no longer viſible, as we proceeded to Mottiſton, being intercepted by the Brixton mountains, which, from their height, except directly in the road-way, are utterly impaſſable. The village of Mottiſton is a very deſirable ſpot, pleaſantly ſituated, and commanding charming views of the ſea. The church is antique, but almoſt robbed of its grandeur by the modern mode of beautifying we have ſo often cenſured.

About half a mile from the village, after we had left it, a ſcene preſented itſelf that ſtruck

ſtruck us with ſurprize and admiration. The village, behind us, which is almoſt ſurrounded by woods, juſt opened ſufficient to preſent its church, ſpire, and entrance; together with an old houſe of ſtone, which the ſun caught full upon;—the trees lying in ſhadow, formed the fore-ground;—while the diſtant cliffs of Freſhwater, Main Bench, and Scratchel's Bay, cloſed upon the verdure of the wood which ſurrounded the village, and brought it out;—the relief was aſtoniſhing, and the ſight peculiarly pleaſing. The ſea lay in ſhadow in the diſtance; and ſeveral veſſels, with light glancing on their topſails, finiſhed the view.

Such ſcenes frequently encounter the eye here, but fall infinitely ſhort when deſcribed, of what they are in reality. To pourtray them in their own glowing colours is not in the power of my pen or pencil; to point out ſuch as are moſt ſtriking, and to give a deſcription as nearly adequate as poſſible, is the utmoſt I can do.

The downs of Brixton on our left often afforded

afforded fine back-grounds. A number of rocks ſtart from the brows of the hills, the moſs and graſs charmingly blending on their ſurface. A few patches of white, occaſioned by holes which the ſheep had made to lie in, were rather diſguſting to the ſight. From the very great height of the rocks, the ſheep that grazed on the brows of them appeared like dots of white; they, however, when they grouped, ſtrongly heightened the effect. There was a littleneſs in the valley before us, occaſioned by ſeveral aukward clumps of ill-grown trees, that broke the fine ſweeps it took. The hill of St. Catherine's and Appuldurcombe terminated the view. Black Down alſo preſented its loftineſs, and added to the ſcene.

We left Pitt Place and Chilton Chine to the right, and paſſed on to Brixton, or, as it is called here, Briſon. The corruption of this proper name renders it neceſſary for me to mention, that the names of places are not uncommonly corrupted in theſe parts. Nay, if you enquire the road to any place, calling it as it is uſually writ-

ten, the odds are confiderably againft you, but that they tell you there is no fuch place. Even the people of Newport indulge themfelves in thefe liberties; fo that unlefs you have a map with you to rectify their mifnomers, you are very often at a lofs how to proceed.

Brixton is one of the largeft villages in this part of the ifland, and, in my opinion, one of the pleafanteft. The road through it is clean, and kept in good order. It is conveniently fituated, in point of diftance, from the bay to which it gives name. The parifh church belonging to it ftands towards the fkirts of the village; but this alfo has had the iron hand of embellifhment laid on it. A ftream paffes through this place, which takes it rife near Mottifton, and empties itfelf into the bay at Jackman's Chine. At the bottom of the village, as we courfed its fides, we obferved this brook to widen, when it afforded a pleafing effect.

The inundation of the fea, completing what fome eruption had begun, forms here a fhort

a ſhort declivity, overgrown with ſcrubby buſhes. There is alſo a boat-houſe here, where ſeveral boats are kept in readineſs to aſſiſt the unfortunate mariners, in caſe of ſhipwrecks, which are not unfrequent on this coaſt. The bay, as to its appearance, affords nothing very pleaſing to the ſight; every wave, however, that broke upon its beach, where there is a conſtant ſurf, brought a charm with it.

This ſurf we ſoon viewed in all its terrors; for the morning turning hazy, a ſtorm commenced, which obliged us to take ſhelter in the boat-houſe. From hence we ſaw the ſea, with its wonted fury, waging war with the more peaceable cliff; while the torrent, in wild career, ruſhing from the heights down the clay and ſtony ſteep, forced its way through the foaming billows, and tinctured with its ſtreams the borders of the bay.

After waiting an hour, by which time the ſtorm was abated, we again ſet forward, with a determination to ſkirt the

boundaries of the cliffs which lay neareſt to the ſea. Several receſſes obtrude themſelves on the land, but without producing that terrific effect we had frequently ſeen them do.

We ſwept round the Bay of Brixton, but received no very great pleaſure from viewing its formal plains. On our left we obſerved Black Down to open, and preſent us with a view of Culver Cliffs, which lie at the eaſtern extremity of the iſland. The vallies throughout the iſland frequently form a curve round the foot of ſome dreadful precipice, and lead your ſight to the moſt beautiful ſcenes. We were here gratified with one of theſe; which, diſdaining all bounds, began its opening at Sandown, to the eaſtward, and turning round the foot of St. Catherine's, joined the vallies of Brixton and Chale, and from thence ran on to Freſhwater. Notwithſtanding we were now on the loweſt part of the iſland, we had a very plain and diſtinct view of its extremeſt bounds.

It

It may be neceſſary to remark, for the benefit of thoſe who viſit theſe parts, that, in going round this coaſt, great inconvenience attends keeping cloſe to the ſea; as the road over the downs is impaſſable for carriages, and even very troubleſome to thoſe on horſeback; there being near fifty gates between Freſhwater gate and St. Catherine's, and thoſe of the worſt kind. In almoſt every field we were obliged to diſmount, in order to cut the cords by which they were faſtened, otherwiſe we ſhould not have been able to have proceeded.

Continuing our route, we came to Barns Hole, which might properly be deemed a chine. As the operations of Nature in the formation of works of this kind admit of many hypotheſes, I ſhall give my opinion of it with diffidence. Barns Hole is a vaſt chaſm in the earth, fronting the ſea, which extends a conſiderable way towards Brixton; and, as you enter it, inſpires the mind with horror. The entrance has the appearance of leading to ſome ſubterraneous paſſage, which furniſhes a retreat for a neſt of rob-

bers. The ſides of it are four hundred feet high, meaſured from the water, and are coated on the outſide with a diſmal black earth, which confirms the terror impreſſed on the imagination by the firſt view of it. It is ſurrounded by a loathſome, unfruitful ſoil, and ſcarcely a ſhrub cares to cling to its ſteep aſcents. A ſtream paſſes through it that empties itſelf into the ſea.

The reflections that aroſe in our minds on viewing ſuch a combination of ſtriking effects, were, that they muſt have been occaſioned by ſome great convulſion of Nature; who, being internally overloaded, diſcharged the extraneous matter by ſome terrible eruption. This ſuppoſition ſeems to be confirmed by the quantity of minerals, and the variety of ſoils, that are found about it. Several ſpecimens of ſulphurous matter, though not very ſtrongly impregnated, lay on the ſhore.

SECTION

SECTION XI.

WE now made our way towards Atherfield Point, leaving the village of Atherfield, and alſo Kingſtone, to the left. A great nobleneſs of valley extends all the way to Chale; but it is too much cultivated to afford an artiſt ſatisfaction.

Still continuing on the downs, we came to that point of Chale Bay which is called Atherfield Point, traverſing nearly the ſame kind of ſoil and country we had hitherto done. The hills of St. Catherine began now to form a noble appearance. At Freſhwater, as we obſerved before, they looked like caſtles; here they appeared like fortreſſes of great ſtrength. From the regular breaks in the rocks, and theſe being not unlike gun-ports, or embraſures, they might, about twilight, be eaſily miſtaken for ſuch.

Its heights are grand and pictureſque, and they clearly prove that this iſland,

with regard to its formation, has every advantage; for where the ſea would, from the part being moſt expoſed to its fury, have committed a breach, the land, boldly riſing, protects it from every inundation. And, if we may judge from what the inhabitants ſay of it, the Iſle of Wight has ſcarcely its equal in the world.—Its land (ſay they) is fertile; its huſbandmen induſtrious; its females prolific; its hills a ſure protection from the devaſtations of the ſea; its coaſts too rocky to admit the approach of an enemy; and, above all, its inhabitants chearful, good tempered, and hoſpitable; all uniting in the wiſh and endeavour to render their iſland attractive in every reſpect to ſtrangers.

I muſt here remark, that the parts of the iſland we were before ſpeaking of, are ſo unlike the eaſtern ſhores, in point of appearance, that was a perſon to be ſuddenly tranſported from one part to the other, I am of opinion he would ſcarcely believe he were upon the ſame iſland.

We

We now paſſed Walpan Chine, and another ſmall infringement of the ocean, where are a few huts belonging to ſome boatmen and fiſhermen, which ſeverely feel the ravaging effects of the ſea. About the middle of Chale Bay, on the top of the cliffs, there ſtands a houſe, which appears to have been erected for the reception of travellers; but at the time we paſſed it, it was locked up; ſo that we could procure no refreſhment.

We now arrived at one of thoſe cavities before deſcribed, called Black-Gang Chine, which we were informed received its name from a gang of pirates who formerly made it their place of reſidence; and its appearance ſeems fully to confirm this ſuppoſition; for it is far more dreadful to behold than thoſe mentioned in the foregoing ſections. The ſize of the chaſm, and its tremendous ſhelving rocks, cannot fail of inſpiring the mind with horror. The imagination, while viewing it, may almoſt lead the inquiſitive traveller to fancy that the earth had juſt opened her horrid jaws, and, from the very ſpot on which he then ſtood, had entombed

in

in her bowels ſome unwary traveller, who, like himſelf, was prying into the wonderful operations of Nature.—I never beheld ſo awful a ſight as theſe ponderous ſteeps exhibit. The ſides of the chaſm, which are little ſhort of five hundred feet high, are ſhelving, and many parts of the top are overſpread with ſhrubs.

On its ſummit a ſpring takes its riſe, and winds ſlowly down to the ſea. The ſlowneſs of its courſe prevents it from proving detrimental to the cliffs. The water iſſuing from this ſpring is of a peculiar nature. It acts as a gentle aperient. When firſt poured into a bottle, it is as clear as cryſtal; but after remaining in it ſome time, a very conſiderable ſediment appears at the bottom. We ſeparated ſome of this ſediment, and found it to contain particles of iron ore, which emitted a ſulphurous ſmell. Several copperas ſtones lay about, eſpecially in the ſtreams proceeding from the ſprings, which ſeemed to be in their native ſtate. Some ſpecimens of rock allum were likewiſe

ſtrewed

ſtrewed around, but not in the ſame profuſion as at Allum Bay.

Many ſhips have fatally experienced the deſtructive effects of the rocks that line Chale Bay.—They juſt lurk underneath the ſurface of the water, and, in conjunction with the Cape of Rocken End, occaſion very heavy ſwells, eſpecially if the wind be ſoutherly. When the tide runs ſtrong, and the wind is ſouth-weſt, if a veſſel is not far enough to the ſouthward to weather the point of St. Catherine's, ſhe is ſure to be upon the rocks. It is ſtill within the remembrance of many, that, during one tempeſtuous night, not leſs than fourteen ſail met their fate in this dangerous bay: and ſcarcely a winter paſſes but what accidents of the ſame kind happen. But as for ſome years paſt boats have been kept in readineſs, and men are conſtantly attending to afford every aſſiſtance upon ſuch occaſions, many lives have been preſerved.

We are ſorry, however, to be obliged to add, that the ſavage cuſtom of plundering wrecks,

wrecks, and ſtripping the dead, whenever theſe accidents happen, too much prevails among the country people reſident on the weſtern coaſt. Deaf to the calls of Humanity, theſe unfeeling wretches hear with unconcern the cries of the ſhipwrecked mariner, ſtruggling with the boiſterous waves; or ſee the beauteous corſe of ſome fair paſſenger lying lifeleſs on the beach, perhaps ſtill preſſing a beloved infant to her boſom. Intent only on ſecuring their ill-got property, they cannot beſtow a thought on the unfortunate; nor will one among them ſuffer a tender ſenſation to make its way to his heart.

To procure a reſtoration of the property thus inhumanly obtained, or to bring theſe lawleſs plunderers to juſtice, is equally impracticable; as every one ſhares in the plunder, it is the intereſt of every individual to unite in concealing or defending it.

The ſalvage uſually allowed for ſaving merchandize from ſhips wrecked, may ſometimes be thought worth attention, and

and be the means of protecting it from avaricious depredators; but as it is feldom that any emolument arifes from the prefervation of lives, little attention is in general paid to that point. Were a premium to be offered by government for every perfon preferved from a fhipwrecked veffel, and a medal, as a badge of diftinction, added to it by fome great perfonage; or was a fociety to be eftablifhed for the promotion of fo benevolent a purpofe; many that now perifh for want of needful affiftance, might be reftored to ufefulnefs and fociety.

It has been known that the moft daring exertions on thefe occafions have met with a very inadequate recompence.—An inftance of this kind is ftill talked of in the Ifle of Wight. At the time the Juno, a Dutch frigate, was loft on this coaft, a fmuggler, with four other perfons, ventured out to her affiftance, notwithftanding they were in the extremeft danger from the violence of the furf, which every inftant made its way over the boat. They, however, at length gained the fhip, and brought off, and fafely landed

landed the whole of the crew, except three perſons, who were waſhed off the raft. And for a deed which Britiſh ſeamen alone could have accompliſhed ;—a deed worthy of the higheſt praiſe, and the moſt ample remuneration ;—the only recompence they received was a paltry ten pound bank note.—Can we wonder then that ſuch exertions are not more frequently heard of ?

We could not paſs the fatal ſpot where ſo many brave ſeamen, the ſupport and glory of this commercial kingdom, find an untimely grave, without heaving a ſigh ; and, at the ſame time indulging a wiſh that ſome method may be deviſed to prevent every avoidable decreaſe of ſo valuable a body of men.

Leaving this gloomy track, we proceeded to the village of Chale, which lies about a mile to the left of the Chine, and is but a ſmall and irregular place. The church, which was founded during the reign of Henry the Firſt, is, in the tower part, very much like that of Cariſbrook, but not ſo large.

As

As you aſcend the hill beyond it, looking back, the valley toward Freſhwater appears very extenſive;—Brixton down binds the right-hand ſcreens;—the ocean diminiſhes to the left;—while the cliffs at the Needles cloſe the land view, and in ſome degree ſoften the formal valley. Too great a number of unpleaſing lines range down the dale, which throws a ſtiffneſs over it.

The people of the iſland call it a garden; and ſo it really is; but in too great a degree to pleaſe an amateur of the true picturesque. This part of the iſland, as to its appearance, differs very much from the northern part, which is occaſioned by a want of wood to give a variegation to its colours. A ſameneſs runs through the whole, the downs of Brixton excepted, which in ſome parts are ſcrubby, with broken ground; but in this not equal to what we afterwards ſaw on the eaſt-ſide of St. Catherine's.

From Chale we mounted St. Catherine's Hill, which we found far ſteeper than any we had hitherto met with; and nearly the whole way was not very ſafe for a horſe.

The

The road lies on the ſide of a precipice, at leaſt three hundred feet high, and tremendous to look down; the oppoſite ſide is bounded by a bank. After ſome difficulty we at length attained its ſummit.

This hill is ſaid to be the higheſt in the iſland; but whether it is ſo we will not take upon ourſelves to ſay; as, after frequent experiments, ſuch as comparing it with the appearance of the other hills, we ſtill remained in doubt.

Stories are told by the inhabitants of the pariſh of Chale of the ſinking of Week down, which lies about three miles off, in the intermediate way between St. Catherine's and Shanklin down. They ſay, that formerly Shanklin down, through the interference of Week down, could only be ſeen from St. Catherine's; whereas now it is viſible from Chale down; conſequently either Week down muſt have ſunk conſiderably, or Shanklin down muſt have increaſed its altitude. And ſome of the old people tell you that this has partly happened within their

own

own remembrance. So wonderful are the operations of Nature, that it is not for man to ſay, " It cannot be ;" but this is an event ſo far out of her uſual courſe, that I own I could not readily give credit to it.

On the top of St. Catherine's is a lighthouſe, and a beacon, neither of which are now uſed. The tower ſerves, in the day time, for an excellent land-mark ; it being near eight hundred feet above the level of the ſea at low water. A ſmall part of the chapel is remaining ; it is in for man octagon, and by ſome called the hermitage, from the circumſtance of a prieſt's having formerly immured himſelf in it from the world.

As we examined the inſide of this place of holy retirement, the ſtory of Dr. Goldſmith's Hermit inſtantly occurred to our remembrance, and impreſſed itſelf on our minds. The hearth whereon he had once trimmed the chearful embers ; the wicket ; and many other circumſtances, led us to fancy that this might have been the ſpot where Edwin had taken up his abode ; and

that the pleaſing tale owed its birth to the Hermitage of St. Catherine's. The wilderneſs alone was wanting to complete the imagined ſcene.

The views from the hill are very extenſive, and likewiſe reminded us of that elegant and natural poet who, in his "Traveller," from among the Alpine ſolitudes looks down, and thus exclaims:

"Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendor crown'd,
"Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round,
"Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale,
"Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale,
"For me your tributary ſtores combine;
"Creation's tenant, all the world is mine."

We had from hence a complete view round the iſland, except in one point, which was interrupted by the downs of Brixton, theſe lying too near the ſight.—To the weſt, the iſlands of Purbec and Portland were very diſtinguiſhable;—the land towards Lymington ſeemed almoſt to join the iſland; a ſmall part of the channel by which it is ſeparated being viſible, but barely ſufficient to let you ſee what it was;—the New Foreſt reared

reared its oaks on the hills, and ranged to the mouth of Hampton water;—the point towards Monckton fort was perfectly conſpicuous, and the hills of Portſdown cloſed its extent;—we could alſo ſee land at a very great diſtance to the eaſtward; and it is affirmed by ſome, that the point which forms the bay of Brighton, is to be perceived from hence.

The Culver cliffs bound another valley, which, as before obſerved, joins Brixton dale. The woody deſcents of Ride ſeemed to ſlope gradually to the water's edge, and ſoftened the harſher lines of the mountains.

On the ſide of the hill of St. Catherine's that lies towards the ſea, the deſcent is quite perpendicular, 'till interrupted by a ſmall flat green of no conſiderable width, when it again deſcends in the ſame abrupt manner, to the water's edge. The river Medina takes its riſe at the foot of this hill, and after paſſing through Newport, empties itſelf into the ſea at Cowes. The ſources from whence the river originates, are ſecured by this hill

from any inundation of the ſea; which the inhabitants ſay was never known to happen on any part of their coaſts, except during the winter months, in a ſmall degree at Gurnet bay.

When we deſcended the hill, an odd circumſtance attracted our notice, which though trivial in itſelf, we mention, as it may appear as ſingular to our readers as it did to us. It being harveſt time, a chearfulneſs and jollity ſeemed to prevail at a farm-houſe we paſſed at the bottom of the hill, which did not extend to the whole of the inhabitants; for we obſerved that a fine game cock and his feathered mate walked about in a melancholy mood. Inſtead of "proudly ſtrutting before his dame to the ſtack, or the barn door," as the cock deſcribed by Milton did, poor Chanticleer went ſlowly on, with a large piece of flat ſtick faſtened to his breaſt, followed by his ſolitary companion, dame Partlet, who had a clog tied to her leg, of the ſame kind as thoſe fixed on the legs of horſes, though not ſo large. And this was done we found to prevent their entering

the

the fields, and committing depredations on the newly reaped corn. We ſoon after ſaw ſeveral others hampered nearly in the ſame manner.—A ſight, at once ſo droll and ſo novel, afforded us no little entertainment.

From St. Catherine's we croſſed the common fields to Niton, which is frequently termed Crab Niton, from the great number of crabs found on that coaſt. The want of a good road to this village makes the viſiting it very inconvenient to travellers. The ſoil here is of a different nature from what we had hitherto paſſed; it appeared to conſiſt of a fine mould, without any mixture of its favourite accompaniment, chalk.

From the top of St. Catherine's this village preſents itſelf as one of the neareſt; Godſill, Brixton, Mottiſton, Chale, Kingſton, and ſeveral others are alſo within ſight.

The village of Niton has nothing of novelty to attract attention, nor has it even pleaſantneſs of ſituation to boaſt; it being entirely immured between two hills, ſo that

there is neither a view of the ſea, nor a good land proſpect to be had from it. There is a neat brick houſe in it belonging to the Rev. Mr. Barwis, which is the only one worthy of notice; all the reſt are cottages, intermixed with a few farm-houſes.

From hence we took the right-hand road to Buddle; where a part of the cliffs break up, and form the commencement of thoſe called Under Cliff. The appearance of this immenſe pile of rocks is noble, picturesque, and grand; and ſo ſpacious are they, that the downs of Chale are ſupported by them. All the broken rocky parts, which have been ſeparated from the main body, are over-grown with ſhrubs, and ſweetly ſoften their rugged texture. Several cottages rear their heads from among the buſhes, and, by contraſting Art with Nature in its rudeſt ſtate, ſhows to great advantage the romantic face of the latter.

This point affords a great variety of objects:—a clump of buſhes frequently relieves a piece of rock, which, as if aſhamed

ed to ſhew itſelf, hides the greateſt part of its grandeur in a bed of moſs, or clay. Here, as juſt obſerved, the commencement of Under Cliff, towards Steep-hill, or Steeple, as it is commonly called, takes place. And the name of Under Cliff is not improperly given to it; as a huge precipice, of a very conſiderable height, hung ſhelving on our left-hand for many miles. In ſome places it was at leaſt five hundred feet from the level of the ſea; in others not quite ſo much.

SECTION XII.

NEAR Niton we received ſo cordial and hoſpitable a reception from a farmer reſiding there, that to paſs it unnoticed would argue at once a want of gratitude and ſenſibility.—It was one of thoſe delicious moments that a heart ſet in uniſon with Sterne's, could alone fully enjoy—the pen of Sterne alone truly deſcribe.—The power of obliging ſeemed to make happy; —the eyes of our kind hoſt ſparkled with pleaſure when we partook of the refreſhment ſet before us;—nor could our moſt earneſt entreaties prevail on him to remit his aſſiduities. We found in this humble ſhed the plenty of a palace, without its irkſome pomp and parade.—All here was eaſe, content, and happineſs.—Happy in himſelf, and happy in his connections, care had not ſpread a wrinkle over the brow of our beneficent entertainer.—His countenance ſpoke a heart ſerene and placid, from a conſcioufneſs of its own benignity. The attentive parent and the fond father

alſo

alſo betrayed itſelf in every word. "My "children," cried he, in enumerating his comforts, "I conſider as one of the greateſt "of the bleſſings Heaven has beſtowed upon "me; without them life would be inſup-"portable." Speaking afterwards of his ſituation, he ſaid, "Envy never entered "this manſion.—I covet not wealth;—the "little I have I lie down contented with, "and riſe in the morning full of gratitude "to the Great Giver; nor do I know a "greater pleaſure than in ſharing that lit-"tle with others." As the worthy man ſaid this, the tear of ſenſibility ſtarted to his eye, and communicated to thoſe of my friend, whoſe hand he had ſqueezed during the pious impromptu; and I could perceive a ſympathetic drop ſteal down his cheek alſo. "My God!" exclaimed my friend, caſting a look towards the farmer's wife and children, "this is, indeed"—Here he ſtopped, and, turning, left the room. How did my heart alſo vibrate at the affecting ſcene!—But to return.

Having taken leave of the worthy farmer,

mer, with every expreſſion of gratitude our lips could utter, we left his hoſpitable manſion, and proceeded to Steep Hill. The afternoon was, beyond deſcription, enchanting; the ſcenes delightful; and every thing tended to keep alive that gentle flame of benevolent ſenſibility which the foregoing incident had juſt lighted up in our boſoms.

The great hand of Nature ſeems to have judiciouſly ſelected this ſpot for exhibiting one of her grandeſt ſtrokes. The entrance to the cliff is from the road, which was apparently forced over rugged ſteeps, that would otherwiſe have been impaſſable. A grand burſt broke on our left, its heights pleaſingly variegated by clinging ſhrubs. On the oppoſite ſide of the road lay a huge maſs of rock that had fallen from ſome overloaded eminence, and which ſerved as a counterpart in the fore-ground. Many others obſtructed the labour of the huſbandman, and contributed to enrich the ſubject.

A ray of light crept imperceptibly on the

the rocks to our left.—The effect was ſoft, but not equal to what a ſtronger light would have produced. Tranſits of light and ſhade are continually ſtraying over theſe heights, which, when caught by the eye, ſudden as the effect is, cannot fail to impreſs the mind with ideas of grandeur; and though the pencil might not be able to touch theſe tranſitions, the mind is not the leſs convinced of their efficacy.

For nobleneſs of fore-grounds, I am of opinion, this ſpot is not to be exceeded, if equalled, in England. The rocks in general are finely tinted, and lie in maſſes extremely large; nor does the foliage fall ſhort of its other beauties. In this part, nurtured by the ſoutherly winds, vegetation is moſt luxuriant. A vernal-green aſh, ſpreading its branches to the way-worn road, is often ſeen entwining its charms with the ſtately oak, each adding grace to the other's grandeur.

The vegetative effect which the ſoutherly wind has on the trees, ſhrubs, and plants of this iſland,

ſland, is worthy of remark. Long before any of them arrive at maturity, through the prevalence of the wind from this point, they all incline towards the north, nodding their ſtately heads, as if they ſet the chilling blaſts of Boreas at defiance. In the vallies, where they are ſheltered by the ſurrounding hills from every pernicious blaſt, they thrive with an aſtoniſhing degree of luxuriance.—This obſervation may ſeem to ſavour of exaggeration; but ſo far from it, that no deſcription it is in the power of my pen to give, can come up to the picturesque beauties theſe ſpots afford, or convey an adequate idea of the rapturous hours I have paſſed in contemplating them.

The road to St. Lawrence is through the ſame myſterious track of rocks; but it is kept in ſuch good repair, that a carriage may paſs with great ſafety. Except here and there a ſmall clump of trees, with a homely farm ſheltering itſelf in them, nothing further worth attention ſtrikes the traveller till you approach that village.

The

The extenſion from the cliffs to the ſea ſhore, is here above half a mile broad, and poſſeſſed, if poſſible, of far more grandeur than thoſe we had already paſſed. Several huts ſkirted the road; but we did not obſerve a houſe of any ſize or conſideration near it. The church of St. Lawrence is perhaps the ſmalleſt at preſent ſtanding in any of the dioceſes of England; with a ſtick of a moderate length you may reach to nearly two-thirds its height, at the weſt gable end. From the ſize of the pariſh, the uſual congregation cannot conſiſt of more than twenty people, and even thoſe muſt ſit very cloſe, I ſhould imagine, to find room.

Having frequently heard of a waterfall at this place, we had pleaſed ourſelves with the hope of ſeeing a grand diſplay of Nature; but were not a little ſurpriſed to find it nothing more than the water of a ſpring in the village babbling over a few ſtones.—It is almoſt too inconſiderable to be noticed.

As ſoon as we had viewed this celebrated waterfall, we returned to the road, and took a view

a view of the village, which is ſmall, and ſtraggling. The road from Whitwell enters the cliffs here, and joins the other road in the village.—Great pains appear to have been taken to render it paſſable; nor have theſe pains been unattended with ſucceſs;—it exceeds the moſt ſanguine expectations that could have been formed of it, when firſt undertaken.

There are many things in Nature which not only appear incomprehenſible to a caſual obſerver, but which cannot always be accounted for by the naturaliſt.—Of this we met with an inſtance here. We could not help ſurveying, with a wonder bordering on aſtoniſhment, the ſheep that had got over the edges of the craggy precipices, from the downs they grazed on, and lay in the hollows of the rocks, in order to ſhelter themſelves from the heat;—we even obſerved their bleating young ones carefully to deſcend, and reach their dams in ſafety.—How, thus fearleſs of danger, they leave the plains, and venture on theſe hazardous declivities, where the leaſt falſe ſtep muſt be

attended

attended with deſtruction, is, we believe, beyond the comprehenſion of the moſt ſagacious naturaliſt.—So extraordinary did it appear to us, that nothing but ocular demonſtration could have convinced us of the truth of it.—The account received from a peaſant, had we not ſeen their ſituation, would have met with but little credit from us.

A phœnomenon of another nature, but not leſs ſingular, preſented itſelf to us here. When we ſat out from Knowle a ſtorm ſeemed to be pending in the horizon; and by the time we had reached St. Lawrence we heard ſeveral claps of thunder. As every incident which tended to produce pictureſque effects inſtantly attracted our attention, we caſt our eyes towards the ſea, in order to obſerve whether any alteration had taken place on its ſmooth ſurface; when, to our great ſurpriſe, we plainly perceived a veſſel, within eight miles of the ſhore, labouring under the effects of the ſtorm, and apparently in the greateſt diſtreſs. And what was extremely ſtriking was, that though the ſea where

where the veſſel happened to be, rolled (as it is commonly termed,) mountains high, yet not a breath of that air, which was there ſo tempeſtuous, ruffled the water on the beach beneath us.—An operation of Nature that had never before fallen under our inſpection; and we greatly regretted not having with us ſome ingenious painter, in the marine line, to take an exact repreſentation of it.

A light, rendered more bright by the contraſt, had ſpread itſelf round the electric cloud, which was thus venting its rage upon the helpleſs ſhip, and rendered the ſcene more gloomy. By a glaſs, we could perceive that ſhe laboured much under the violence of the ſtorm, and every wave came full fraught with danger. For near an hour did the tempeſt permit us to behold its raging at a diſtance; but at length a briſk wind ſpringing up, it made its way towards us, and we ſhould have ſhared in its "pitileſs peltings," had we not retired to a neighbouring cottage, where we continued till it had paſſed on.

Having

Having returned the owner of the cottage to which we had retired, our thanks for the kind attention ſhewn us, we once more mounted our horſes, and had from hence the completeſt view of Undercliff, towards Bonchurch, that any part affords. The houſe of the honourable Wilbraham Tollemache appears full in ſight.

The view from hence is too confuſed for all the parts of it to be contracted into a landſcape; but for the ſight, it has every gratification the warmeſt imagination can wiſh. The numbers of the rocks, and the uninterrupted verdure twining round them, with large maſſes of broken ground, compoſe a ſcene ſuperb in the extreme.

The rain, which had juſt ceaſed, had left its ſpangles on the bladed graſs, faint imitation of the cryſtal drop gently ſtealing down the cheek of Beauty; and as the ſofteſt emotions of pity are excited in the manly breaſt by theſe, ſo did thoſe add new charms to the verdure of the cliffs.

Every plant and ſhrub was clad in its gayeſt veſt, and Nature ſeemed to be adorned with her livelieſt ſmiles, and to breathe forth her ſweeteſt fragrance.—A briar had courted the embraces of the everlaſting ivy; the ſeaſon had juſt tipped their leaves with the remembrance of September, but no more than added luſtre to the union. A few aſhes hung vibrating from the precipice, bedecked with all the bloom that ſummer could beſtow upon them. While the humble thatch of the ſcattered cottages, befriended by the downy moſs, glared in the brighteſt yellow; which but tended to ſoften the mellower tints of the ſurrounding plants. In ſhort, the ſcene exhibited a profuſion of charms.

To this the declining rays of the ſun did not a little contribute; every ſhrub or plant on which they glanced, when gently moved by the paſſing zephyr, ſeemed to bow their heads in grateful acknowledgement to the great ſource of vegetation.

The road ſtill continued over the rocky

aſcents

aſcents of theſe chearful hills. To give an exact repreſentation of all the ſcenes we paſſed, is not in our power;—ſuffice it to ſay, that they are pleaſingly irregular.—Every hundred paces, though on ſuch elevated ground, lead up a freſh hill, or elſe ſkirt the deſcent with a ſloping flowery orchard.

The evening had beamed forth its laſt rays on Steep-hill Cottage, as we paſſed its elevation; and lulling all Nature to repoſe, rendered it neceſſary for us to ſeek an aſylum for the night.

SECTION XIII.

GREAT as the pleasures were which we had enjoyed the preceding day, they did not exceed the satisfaction we received from the permission granted us to view Steep-hill Cottage. This was once the villa of the late right honourable Hans Stanley, then governor of the island; but it now belongs to the honourable Mr. Tollemache.

It was erected by Mr. Stanley, and, from its situation, must have cost an immense sum. From several concurring circumstances, we were led to believe, that even bringing the water up to the house was attended with a very considerable expence.

It is in the true cottage stile.—The roof consists, cottage like, of humble thatch; and the outsides of the walls are covered with white composition; forming together a rural and pleasing appearance. But its inside, for neatness and elegance, beggars description.—It is at once so plain, so truly elegant,

gant, and, though ſmall, ſo convenient, and ſo pleaſant, that I think I may venture to ſay I never met with its equal.

The entrance leading from the gate to the houſe, is lined on both ſides with lofty elms and aſhes, which form an avenue that reaches almoſt to the door of the hall, where a diſplay of taſte is ſeen in the ſurrounding flowers and ſhrubs.

On the left hand, before we reached the houſe, ſtood an urn; and on the right hand, a chair formed of the rough branches of trees, which, though ſimple, was curious.

As you enter the hall the ſight is encountered with freſh beauties; it is not ſpacious, but in the extreme of taſte.—Here are a few pictures by Vandevelde, with ſeveral by other maſters. But on entering the dining room, we found an exquiſite diſplay of the powers of this maſter's pencil.—We ſcarcely ever remember ſeeing a collection of ſhipping to be compared with it.

The piece in particular which hung over the fire-place, is, without exception, one of the fineſt by that maſter.—The ſubject is a ſhip in a gale of wind, under top-ſails. The handling is wonderful; and the penciling clearly pronounces it to be a *chef d'ouvre*.

Two others of conſiderable merit hung over the doors: we imagined them to be by Brooking.—They are finely touched:—the ſea, in one of them, is ſpirited to a degree. There are alſo ſome by De Velieger, executed in a fine manner, particularly the view of Scheveling.

Laſt, though not leaſt, two landſcapes attracted our notice; which, at firſt ſight, we thought to be Gainſborough's.—The colouring clear and beautiful; the drawing not leſs great; the finiſhing in his beſt ſtile. —We were however much ſurpriſed when we were informed, that they were not actually executed by that great maſter, but copied after two pieces of his, by the honourable Mr. Tollemache, the poſſeſſor of the villa.

I ſhall

I ſhall not heſitate to pronounce, that were theſe pictures hanging in ſome ſnug corner in town, the moſt experienced connoiſſeur, on getting a ſight of them, would immediately conclude them to be originals. They only want time to mellow their freſh appearance, and then few would be able to diſcover the difference.

The ſubject of one is a cottage; down the ſteps of which a country girl is deſcending—A favourite ſubject of that eminent and much lamented maſter. The other truly depictured to us the mind of this paragon of natural genius.—It was a ſmall piece of water, with a grey horſe in a market cart, ſipping the ſurface of the pool. The diſtance of both is ſoft and harmonious, and adds double luſtre and effect to the fore-grounds. Of all the copiers from Gainſborough, no one perhaps ever caught his touch and colouring with greater exactneſs, or has been more chaſte in the drawing, than Mr. Tollemache, in the pieces referred to.

There being company in the houſe at the time we were there, we were prevented from ſeeing the upper part of it;—a diſappointment we ſubmitted to with regret; as from what we had ſeen on the ground floor, we had but little doubt of the remainder being furniſhed and decorated with equal elegance and taſte.

The outſide of the houſe is no leſs free from oſtentation in its appearance, than the inſide is devoid of every falſe allurement to catch the eye. The principal view from it is towards the weſt; where a bow window projects, that, like the roofs of all the other parts, has only humble thatch for its covering.

A pleaſing lawn lies before it, which gradually declining, preſents the whole range of St. Lawrence on one ſide,—the extremity of the ocean on the other. On the right ſide, at the bottom of the lawn, you paſs the wicket that leads to the garden, which, from its ſituation, cannot fail of being productive. The rocks protect

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it towards the north, and the ſea breezes fan it from the ſouth.

From hence we paſſed the wing of the houſe, and entered a path that leads to the grove before mentioned. The offices are ſome of them in the village, others are adjoining to the houſe. On the left hand ſtands the green-houſe and ſtabling, but they lie conſiderably lower than the cottage.

To enumerate the many delightful viciſſitudes of this fairy ground, is beyond the power of a pen. I therefore ſhall conclude my deſcription of it with ſaying, that to find a ſpot where thoſe who reſide in it are ſo much reſpected,—where its vicinity is ſo pleaſing,—its ſituation ſo romantic,—and its *tout en-ſemble* ſo bewitching,—is next to impoſſible.

Mr. Tollemache has likewiſe a brigantine yacht, which, when the weather will permit, lies here to grace the ruder ſcenes of Nature. The inſide of it, we were informed,

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is equally as elegant as his villa, and fitted up with the ſame taſte; but we had not an opportunity of viewing it.

Parties frequently come to the New Inn, at Steephill, to dine; where, though they might not find the ſumptuous entertainment of a modern hotel, they will meet with every convenience for ſerving up a cold collation.

Even in this recluſe and humble ſituation a ray of taſte is viſible. The houſe being ſmall, the proprietors have encouraged the irregular branches of a fig tree to repoſe itſelf on an artificial ſupport; thereby forming a kind of canopy, which ſpreading over a daiſey-mantled carpet, ſerves as a pleaſing and agreeable receptacle, in which parties continually dine, *al freſco*. On the oppoſite ſide a prouder walnut ſpreads its branches over the ſeats, and likewiſe ſhelters the chearful gueſts from the ſcorching beams of the ſun.

The proſpect from theſe rural ſheds is very pleaſing, but, in point of landſcape, rather

rather contracted. The hill from whence the village derives its name binds the left-hand ſcreen. The valley opens beneath to the road where Mr. Tollemache's yacht uſually lies. To ſhew how much we were charmed with this place, I cannot help making uſe of an expreſſion of the late Mr. Quin's, on his leaving Chatſworth: "I thought I ſhould at times have broke my neck in getting there; but when I was there, I thought I ſhould have broke my heart to leave it."

The ſhore here is very rocky, and, when the wind blows freſh from the ſouthward, very dangerous for ſhips. At ſuch times the yacht leaves her ſtation, and makes for Sandown Bay, or for Spithead.

The inhabitants ſay, that within the laſt twenty years the ſea has greatly incroached, at this part of the coaſt, on the land. But if we might judge from the pieces of rock with which the ſtrand is every where ſtrewed, and which muſt have fallen from the eminences at the time the ſea waſhed their ſides, (and this, from every apparent circumſtance,

cumſtance, muſt have been the caſe at ſome period or other,) it may rather, I think, be concluded that the contrary has happened. The country people, however, think otherwiſe.

A number of ravens build in theſe cliffs, and likewiſe hawks, of a ſpecies peculiar to this ſpot only;—they are of the falcon kind, and found to be the only ſort proper for the ſport of hawking. Jack-daws, crows, and many other birds, alſo make them their habitations, and breed on them. Some of the farmers ſay they have heard of eagles being there; others are of a different opinion. From the ſituation of the rocks, ſuch a circumſtance is not improbable; but as this bird is generally an inhabitant of colder climates, we were rather inclined to give credit to the aſſertions of the latter.

The people of this place are chiefly fiſhermen, who in the ſummer ſeaſon take great quantities of crabs and lobſters. For this purpoſe ſome of them ſink more than

a hundred

a hundred wicker pots, or more properly baſkets, at a time; which they bait with whatever kind of fleſh or garbage they can procure. And here it may not be improper to hint to the gentlemen of the iſland, that whenever they loſe a dog, they cannot ſeek for it in a more likely place; though moſt probably they may chance to come too late to recover it while living. I have myſelf ſeen ſeveral fine pointers tied up in their huts at a night, which, before the ſucceeding day has broke, have been made not "worms meat," as Mercutio was, but food for crabs and lobſters. The coaſt abounds with ſhell fiſh of all ſorts, to the great convenience of the lower ranks, who purchaſe them at three pence per pound; that is generally the price fixed when boiled, and they are always ſold by weight.

A fiſh of a very peculiar nature is ſometimes taken here, to which the fiſhermen, from its circular form, give the name of the ſun-fiſh. The appearance of this fiſh is extremely whimſical, and Nature ſeems to have been in a ſportive humour when

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ſhe firſt faſhioned it. In ſhape it is nearly round, and does not, like moſt other fiſh, branch out into any part that might be termed a tail. One part however is rather pointed, at which the head is fixed; the ſhoulders are placed at the thickeſt part; after which it becomes rather oval; and it has four fins, ſituated at the extremities. Taken altogether, it is a droll compoſition. We could not help reſembling it to a ſchool-boy, who, having worn his long hair for a conſiderable time dangling down his back, has it, on a ſudden, cropped cloſe to his neck.

We had been informed, that here, alſo, we ſhould ſee a caſcade; our expectations however were ſoon put a ſtop to, by beholding a little ſpring, trickling down the ſide of a hill, in a contracted channel, devoid of every appearance of grandeur; and poſſeſſing nothing worthy of notice, but the large ſtone by which its mean clue was broken, and which was ſufficient to ſuſtain a body of water fifty times more weighty than that running over it.

Leaving

Leaving Steephill, we continued our courſe towards Bonchurch; during which ſeveral curious ſtudies for colouring preſented themſelves, till we paſſed the corner of a precipice, from whence the beginning of Little-town Down commences. The ſhelving ſides of this precipice hang tottering over the brink of the deep abyſs, and threaten an intruſion on the road.—It forms a noble ſide-ſcreen for the general view of Bonchurch;—while from it the ſea has a variegated appearance, and finely aſſiſts the landſcape.

On firſt viewing the mountain to which the name of Little-town Down is given, a traveller may be led to ſuppoſe it Steephill. Its ſides, like that, are almoſt perpendicular, and, as ſeen from the road, are formed like a ſugar-loaf. A few houſes lie at its foot; the road to which from Appuldurcombe is dangerous in the extreme. The hill itſelf is a noble picturesque object; and forms an elegant back-ground to relieve the broken part of the road on which the cottages ſtand. Here are as many choice pieces

pieces of broken rocks, and fore-grounds well verdured, as at Undercliff; only more contrafted. The foil again alters here, and appears to be compofed of flint, with great quantities of tobacco-pipe clay.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.